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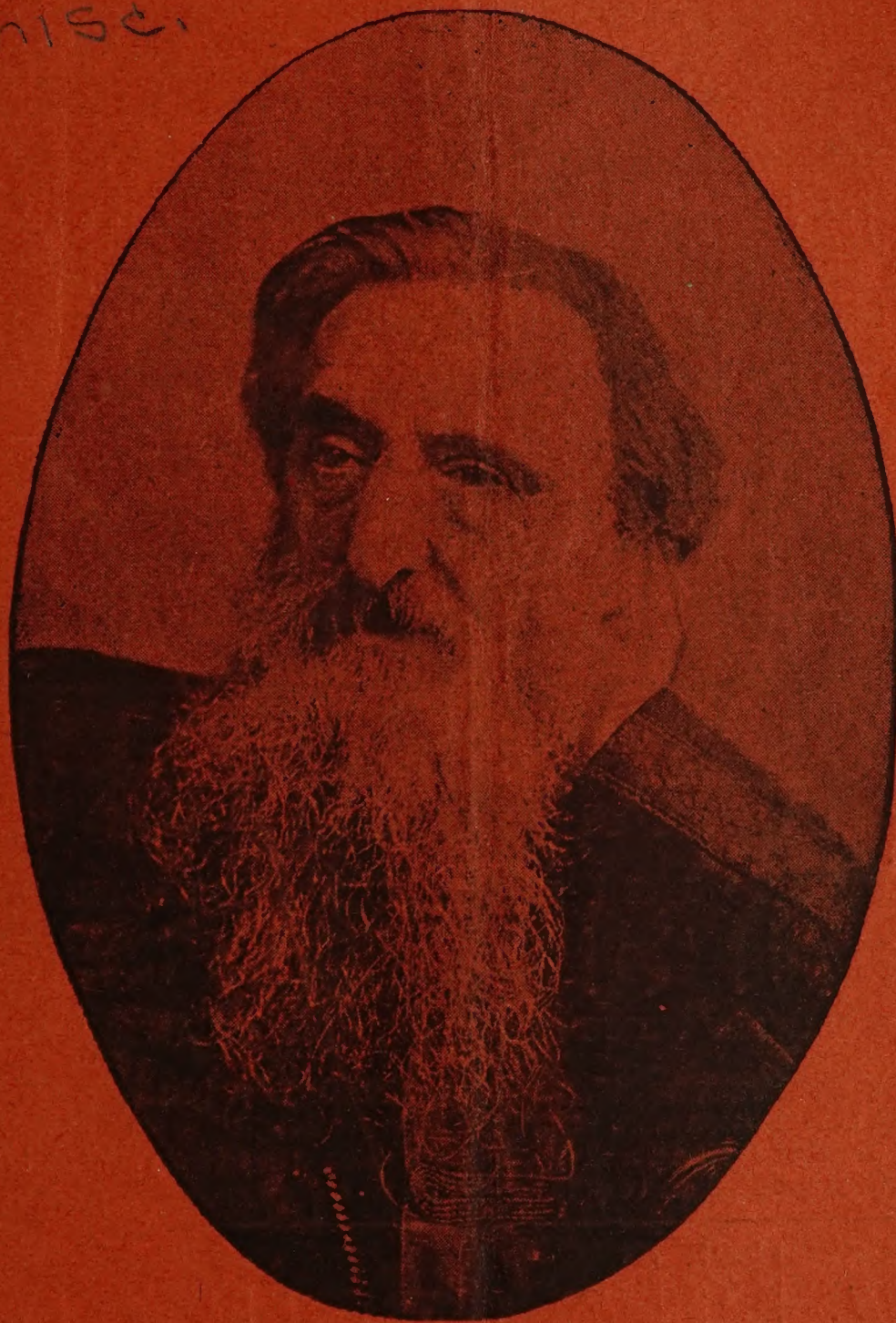
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THE SALVATION ARMY

AND ITS

SOCIAL SCHEME.

Pam-misc.



GENERAL BOOTH.

REPRINTED FROM "THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS" FOR OCTOBER AND
NOVEMBER, 1890.

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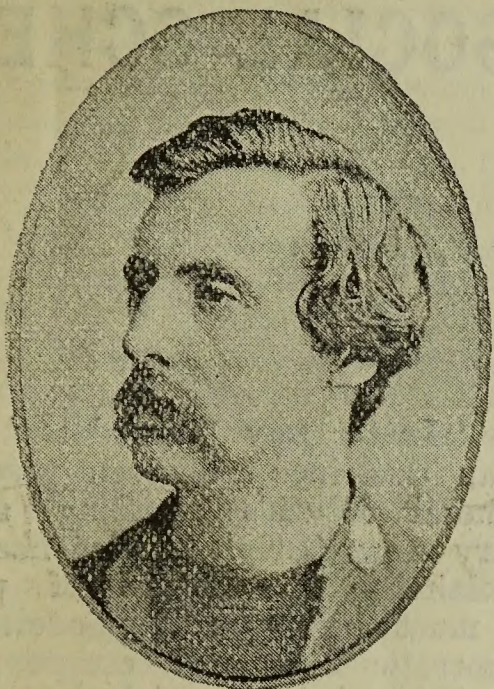
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STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1889.

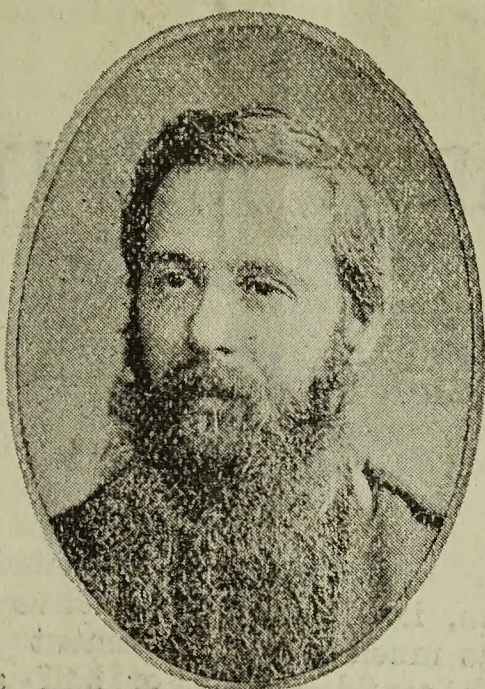
Accumulated Funds	£21,484,634
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES BY THE NEW YORK STATE STANDARD OF VALUATION (4 PER CENT. ACTUARIES)	£3,221,041
INCOME FOR THE YEAR	£5,932,124

Chief Office for Great Britain and Ireland—76 & 77, CHEAPSIDE, London, E.C.

J. FISHER SMITH, GENERAL MANAGER.



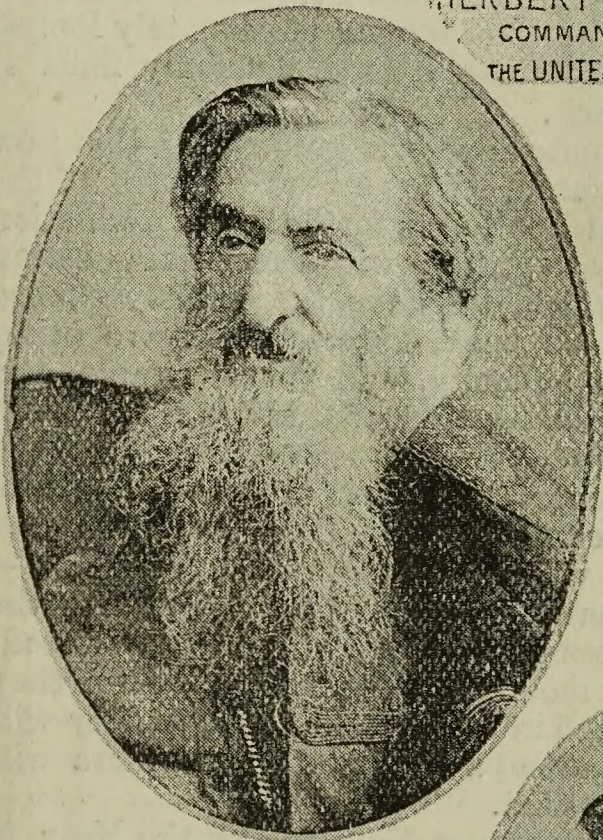
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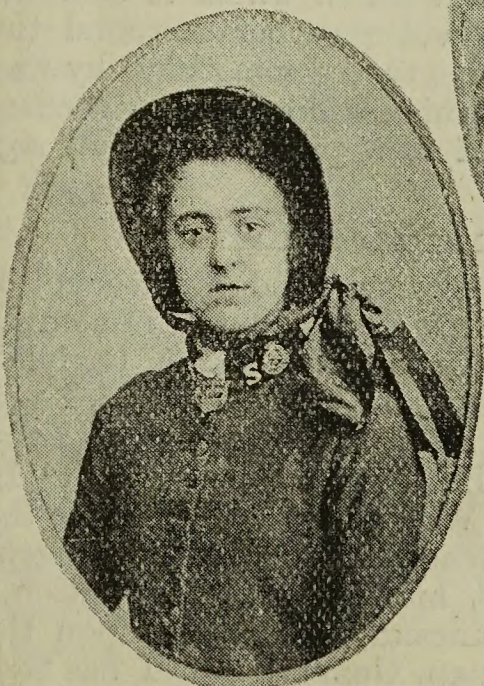
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EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER,
INDIA.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND ITS SOCIAL SCHEME.

From the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for October, 1890.

TO-DAY, to me, the horizon is radiant with a new hope. Never since my life began, now more than forty years ago, have I seen as much cause to confront the future with such confidence. That which, under the influence of Mr. Carlyle and Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law rhymmer, I have dreamed of since I was a boy, and worked for since my youth, now seems appreciably nearer, and I rejoice with the exceeding great joy of one who, having passionately longed for an apparently unattainable good, suddenly finds it brought within his reach.

The cause for this new hope, the grounds of this new confidence, are soon stated. I have read the MS. of the book in which General Booth sets forth the determination of the Salvation Army to grapple with the social question on the only lines on which, I believe, there is any chance of its solution. No such book, so comprehensive in its scope, so daring in its audacity, and yet so simple and practical in its proposals, has appeared in my time. Even if no action whatever were to follow immediately on the lines laid down by General Booth, it cannot fail to have the most momentous consequences. For General Booth in this little work—it will not fill more than 300 pages—does secure for the Condition-of-the-People question the first place on the orders of the day, with urgency voted. His proposals may be modified and amended before they are finally accepted, but in some shape or other they will pass, and with their success a new and brighter era will begin to dawn for mankind.

The Book of the Month, nay, the Book of the Year, is General Booth's forthcoming work, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." But as it is not to be published till the 20th inst., I must postpone till the November number the full analysis of a work in which is sounded clear and loud a note that will reverberate round the world. But it is permitted me to say something by way of preface and introduction which will enable my readers the better to understand and to appreciate the full significance of its contents.

A NEW AND MORE PRACTICAL CARLYLE.

Those who have read Professor Tyndall's account of the influences which shaped his character, will remember how prominent a place he gave to the reading of Carlyle's "Past and Present." "Past and Present," which was published fifty years ago, before even the Corn Laws were repealed, reads to-day like a prophecy, of which "In Darkest England, and the Way Out," seems to be the gospel of its realization. General Booth is not a diligent student of Carlyle. Except his "French Revolution," which exercises an almost uncanny fascination upon the mind of the great Englishman, General Booth has read nothing of Carlyle. But plunging and struggling along the rough and rugged road of practical experience, he has arrived at almost identically the same conclusions as those which were outlined in "Past and Present," and

accentuated in the "Latter Day Pamphlets." All the distinctive Carlylean doctrines are given practical embodiment in General Booth's startling manifesto. For half a century now Carlyle's voice has sounded in our ears, proclaiming in accents of passionate earnestness what must be done if modern civilization in this democratic age is to escape perdition. We have all listened, but we have sighed as we asked, "Who is there who dares even to propose to do these things?" And, lo! now, after all these years, at last a clear, strong voice rings out above the Babel of party jargon, saying, "Here am I, send me!" That is General Booth's Book. And the more I think over all it contains and all it implies, the more convinced am I that it will be the most epoch-making book that the world has seen for many a long day. Our children and our children's children will not see the end of the chain of transforming influences that will be set in motion this month.

I am aware that to the most, probably to nine-tenths of my readers, this prelude of mine will seem exaggerated; it will to many of them be simply inconceivable that anything General Booth could do or propose to do could either deserve the attention or possess the importance which I ascribe to his new book. To all of these my readers I have only to say that they, too, if they will but look at the facts, may soon discover what reason there is to thank God and to take courage over this new departure of the Salvation Army.

"The Salvation Army—that is in itself enough to discredit the whole scheme, whatever it may be!" is an exclamation that will burst from many an impatient reader. What is the Salvation Army that it should be deemed capable of doing such work? That is the question I am about to answer in this article, which may be regarded as the prefatory preliminary notice of the Book of the Month, a full analysis of which is reserved for the November number.

A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

What is the Salvation Army? It is a miracle of our time. It is the latest revelation of the potency of the invisible over the visible, the concrete manifestation of the power of the spirit over matter. Of this there are many illustrations, but for the present I will content myself with one. Twenty-five years ago, the Salvation Army consisted of one man and his wife, without money, without influential friends, without even a place of worship they could call their own. To-day the Salvation Army, built up out of the poorest members of the community, has 9,000 officers, who carry on operations at 2,864 centres of population scattered all over the world, and who raise every year for carrying on the Salvation War no less a sum than £750,000. Three-quarters of a million sterling per annum is 4 per cent. upon a capital sum of £18,750,000. Supposing

the revenue does not fall off—and hitherto it has steadily increased—eighteen millions may be regarded as the cash value of the endowment created by the Salvation Army out of nothing in twenty-five years. A tolerably substantial miracle this; a miracle also that is absolutely unique. No religious organization born in these late years can show anything approaching to such material results within so short a space of time. I say nothing here as to the merits or demerits of the spiritual thaumaturgy which has developed so extraordinary a power of evoking this pactolean stream from the barren rock of a materialistic and unbelieving generation. I simply note the fact and pass on, remarking that, if General Booth be altogether mistaken in his theory of the universe, the work is even much more miraculous than if he is right. For if we grant to the uttermost all that materialist and agnostic ever claimed, grant that man dies as the beast dies, that Christ and His apostles were but personifications of the Sun and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, that prayer is a futility and the idea of invisible spiritual influence is as much an exploded delusion as the “science” by which the augurs foretold the issue of a campaign from the entrails of a chicken, the marvel and the mystery of the work which Mrs. Booth and her husband set on foot are more marvellous and more mysterious than if these, our hypotheses, be correct. How came it that two unknown, insignificant units in the East-end of London, in no way distinguishable from any ordinary commonplace Methodists, such as may be found any day by the score in Whitechapel or in Westminster, should to-day be able to show over nine thousand picked men and women in the flower of their youth, and in the ardour of an enthusiastic zeal, who are devoting their lives, on mere subsistence wages, to preaching and teaching in all parts of the world the faith that was taught them by the Booths? And wherever they labour they raise up others, fashioned in their own likeness, whose nature undergoes a sudden and an almost inexplicable change.

“DRIVELLING SUPERSTITION?”

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, a remark made to me by a leading freethinker and eminent politician when we were discussing the work of the Salvation Army before its immense development over sea had more than begun. “We have all been on the wrong tack,” he said, emphatically, “and the result is that the whole of us have less to show for our work than that one man Booth.” “Whom do you call ‘we’?” I asked. “Oh, we children of light,” he said, laughing; “Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Frederic Harrison, and the rest of us who have spent our lives in endeavouring to dispel superstition, and to bring in a new era based upon reason and education and enlightened self-interest. But this man Booth has produced more direct effect upon this generation than all of us put together.” I suppose I must have seemed pleased, for he went on hastily, “Don’t imagine for a moment that it is his religion that has helped him. Not in the least. That is a mere drivelling superstition. What has enabled him to do this work, is his appeal to the social nature in man. He has evoked the potent sentiment of brotherhood. He has grouped together human beings in associations, which make them feel they are no longer alone in the world, but that they have many brethren. That is the secret of what he has done—that, and not his superstition, which is only a minus quantity.”

THE SECRET OF POWER

Whatever truth there may be in this judgment as to the cause of the Salvation Army’s success, it is a notable tribute from the agnostic camp as to the reality and value of its work. Nor is it only from the agnostic camp that this is recognized. The *Church Times* (May 23rd, 1890), a High Church organ, referring to the comparative achievements of the various religious bodies, declared that the growth of the Salvation Army threw into the shade all that had occurred in our time either in the Catholic or the Protestant world. Said the writer:—

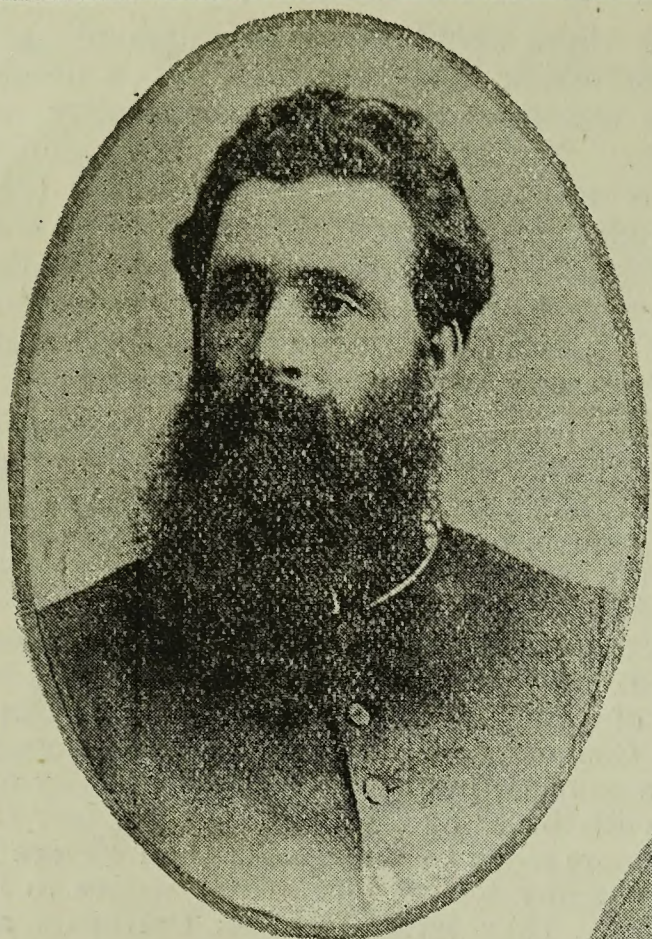
When we compare the so-called “Catholic advance” of the Pope in England with the Salvationist advance of the other international commander, the General, in England and all the world, the Pope has to be content with a very much lower place. What a very poor story is the glowing chronicle of the *Tablet* in comparison with the glowing chronicle of the *War Cry*. In the vulgar and imposing category of mere quantity the Pope lags far behind the General. In the spiritual category of quality, if the Kingdom of Jesus Christ be especially the Commonwealth of the Poor, the victories of the General are more stupendously brilliant in every way than the triumphs attributed by the *Tablet* to the last two Popes. None are more ready to do honour than we are to the devotion of so many Roman clergy and sisters to the service of the poor. They have done, as Calvinists and Methodists have also done, much *for* the poor. But the Pope cannot boast in his *Tablet’s* triumph-song, as the General can boast in his *War Cry*, that he has done almost everything for the poor *by* the poor.

LORD WOLSELEY’S TESTIMONY.

It is only those who do not know and who never inquire who can doubt the reality of the effect produced upon the lives of multitudes of men and women by the work of the Army. Lord Wolseley told me that he had been immensely impressed by an incident which occurred in his own experience some years ago at Grantham. He said:—

“I was down on a visit to Mr. Roundell, and we put up at the hotel in the market-place. In the evening, I noticed a crowd, and, inquiring what it meant, I was told it was the Salvation Army. I went out and stood on the outskirts of the crowd and watched what went on. I was immensely struck by the earnestness, the fervour, and, above all, by the success of the young women who conducted the meeting. I heard them many times, and always with the same impression. They were much talked about, and everyone whom I met assured me that the change they had produced was quite marvellous. Mayor, magistrates, the clergy, all assured me that all the time I was there the public-houses did next to no trade, and they might as well have shut up. Now, as I was there for a fortnight—even if we were to suppose that the old state of things was re-established immediately after, which, of course, was not the case—this struck me as very remarkable. If a couple of girls can come into a place like Grantham, and, for the space of a whole fortnight, practically suspend the sale of drink in the town, they are not people to be despised. It is very wonderful. Such work cannot fail, in the long run, to command universal recognition, even from those who now, from ignorance and prejudice, are among those who sneer at the Salvationists.”

Lord Wolseley but expressed what almost everyone else has felt, when confronted by one of the many moral miracles of the Army: “No one could have been more prejudiced against the Army than I;” a rising novelist, of agnostic tendencies, said the other day: “But when I went in and out among the people in the East-end I had



ARTHUR S. BOOTH-CLIBBORN
COMMISSIONER FOR
FRANCE & SWITZERLAND.
MARRIED 1887



EDIE L. BOOTH-TUCKER
COMMISSIONER
FOR INDIA
MARRIED 1888



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH
COMMISSIONER OF ARMY
RESCUE WORK
MARRIED 1882



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH
UNITED STATES
MARRIED 1886



MRS. HERBERT BOOTH
UNITED KINGDOM
MARRIED 1890

to give up. There was no getting over the evidence of the work they did, which no one else even seemed to try to do. I have been filled ever since with such immense admiration for General Booth, that I almost believe he can do anything he decides to take in hand."

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

It is now nearly twelve years since I first made the acquaintance of the Army, and as there is nothing like personal testimony as to one's own experience, I may as well set down here how it was I came to believe in the Salvationists.

"The Hallelujah Lasses are coming July 6," was the announcement which was placarded about the streets of thrifty, tidy Darlington, about Midsummer, 1879. Respectable Darlington felt shocked, but a great crowd gathered in the market-place "to see the lasses," and, after a brief service in the open air, in which the young women sang hymns, prayed, and delivered brief, vigorous addresses, followed them, as they marched backward in a long, straggling procession down Northgate to the Livingstone Hall. It was Sunday afternoon, and the spacious, draughty, ugly hall was crowded to the doors. At night there was another service, indoors and out, and the same thing happened. And more wonderful still, the hall was crowded every night all that week, and for several weeks after. It held from 2,000 to 2,500 people. At first respectable Darlington held aloof. Then the emissaries of Respectability ventured down, in sheer curiosity, to see what was going on. They returned puzzled. Nothing was going on. No dancing, no extravagance, no tomfoolery, no sensationalism. The two girls, Captain Rose and Lieutenant Annie—one two-and-twenty, the other eighteen—conducted a religious service, not unlike an early Methodist meeting, with hearty responses, lively singing, and simple Gospel addresses, brief and to the point. The penitents' form and the after prayer-meeting, in which the lasses, going from seat to seat, personally addressed everyone who remained as to their spiritual welfare, were the only features in which it differed outwardly from an ordinary mission revival service. But the odd, miraculous thing that bothered Darlington was the effect which it had. All the riffraff of the town went to the Livingstone Hall, and many of them never returned the same men.

"BLACKGUARDS TURNED CONVARTERS."

My farm-lad Dick—for in those days I had my three acres and a cow—used to attend regularly. "It's as good as a theayter," he told me. "You can go in when you like, and, if you want a drop or a smoke in the middle, why out you come, just as you please. But there's some of the biggest blackguards turned convarters now." By "convarters" he meant converts, but his word was true, for all the Salvation Army converts are converters, and that is the secret of it. The drunkards and wifebeaters, betting men and rowdies, great rough puddlers, and men who used to spend their Sundays regularly in the police-cells, were no sooner brought down to the penitent form and "saved," than they were set about saving others.

At the Livingstone Hall a man, who had given his wife a black eye the month before, would give out a hymn; an ex-drunkard would tell his experience, a converted convict would deliver an exhortation, and half-a-dozen corner men would take the collection. Drunkenness began to dry up. You could hear a dozen cabmen waiting for fares at the station, singing Army songs, and the police had many cells empty on Saturday nights. One of these

converts was a notorious fellow, reputed to be the strongest man in Darlington. A burly, broad-shouldered Hercules was Knacker Jack; violent, given to drink, and very brutal. Great was the amazement when Knacker Jack went up to the penitent form, and immense the sensation when he stood up to give his testimony. The event was duly announced to me by Dick. "Knacker Jack's a convarter now. 'E's a rum 'un!" said he. "Are you not going to turn converter, too, Dick?" I asked. The lad, who was an odd character in his way, replied, "'Tain't no use, sir, for me to be a convarter, 'coz, when I cut the grass for the pony in the planten, them midges bite so hard, I can't help sweerin'. And it's no use bein' a convarter if you keep on sweerin'!"

WHAT I SAW AT DARLINGTON.

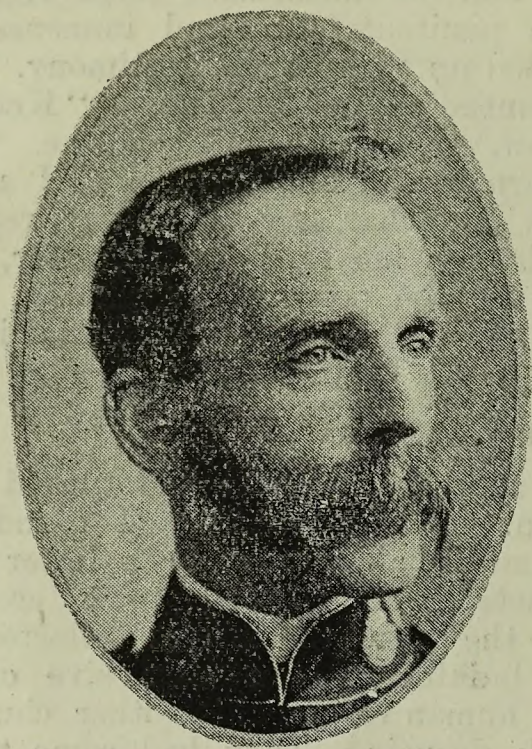
At last I went to see the girls who had turned Darlington upside down. I was amazed. I found two delicate girls—one hardly able to write a letter; the other not yet nineteen—ministering to a crowded congregation which they had themselves collected out of the street, and building up an aggressive church militant out of the human refuse which other churches regarded with blank despair. They had come to the town without a friend, without an introduction, with hardly a penny in their purses. They had to provide for maintaining services regularly every week-night, and nearly all day Sunday, in the largest hall in the town; they had to raise the funds to pay the rent, meet the gas-bill, clean the hall, repair broken windows and broken forms, and provide themselves with food and lodging. And they did it. The town was suffering severely from the depression in the iron trade, and the regular churches could with difficulty meet their liabilities. But these girls raised a new cause out of the ground, in the poorest part of the town, and made it self-supporting by the coppers of their collections.* Judged by the most material standard, this was a great result. In the first six months 1,000 persons had been down to the penitent form, many of whom had joined various religious organizations in the town, and a corps or a church was formed of nearly 200 members, each of whom was pledged to speak, pray, sing, visit, march in procession, and take a collection, or do anything that wanted doing.

THE LASSES AND THEIR WORK.

"It will not last," said many, and dismissed the miracle as if it were less miraculous because it was not capable of endless repetition. I sat next a young mechanic one night in the meeting, and asked him what he thought about the business. "Dunno," he said, "they're a queer lot." "Do any good?" "Mebbe. There's Knacker Jack—I know him." "Well, has it not been good for his wife and bairns?" "Dunno'. But I work in the same place as him, and it has been good for his hosses. He used to strike 'em and knock 'em about dreadful. But since the lasses got hold of him, he's never laid his hand on 'em." Suppose that it did not last, and that the converts only stood so long and then fell away; then, for so long as they stand, a great and beneficent change has been effected, in which all surroundings share—from the police to the horses.

It was my first personal experience of the Salvation Army and its methods. Born and bred among the quieter Congregationalists, I had some prejudice against noisy services, but here was a stubborn fact which I could not get over. There was the palpable, unmistakable result, material and moral, which before July, 1879, would have been declared utterly impossible—a miracle not to be wrought by man, no, not if all the

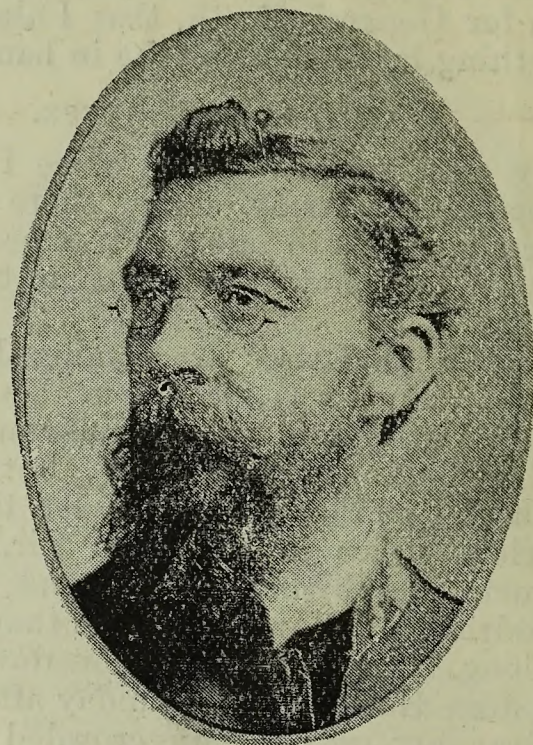
* The total expenditure, including everything, was about £400 a-year.



COMMISSIONER CARLETON



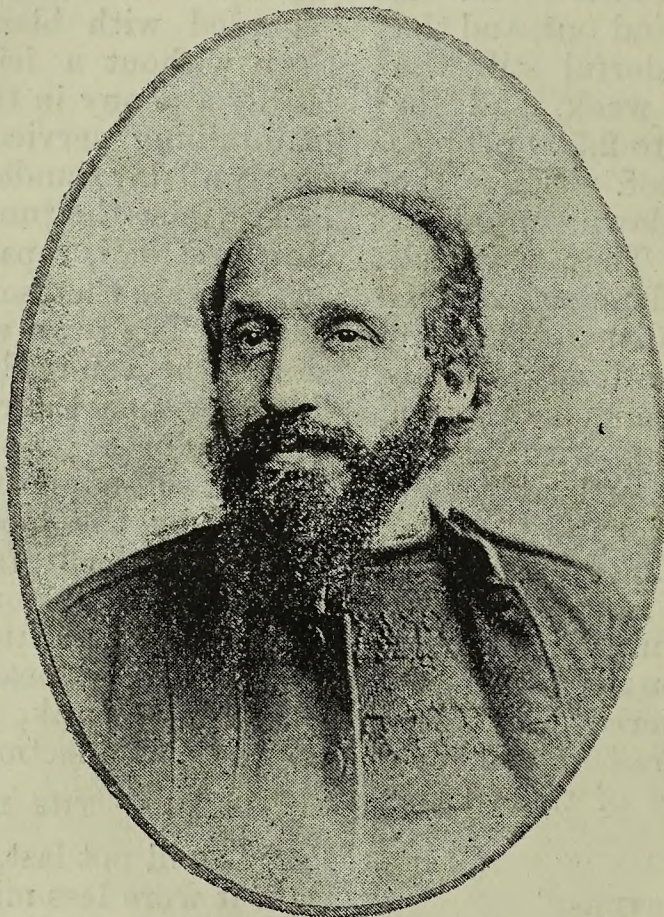
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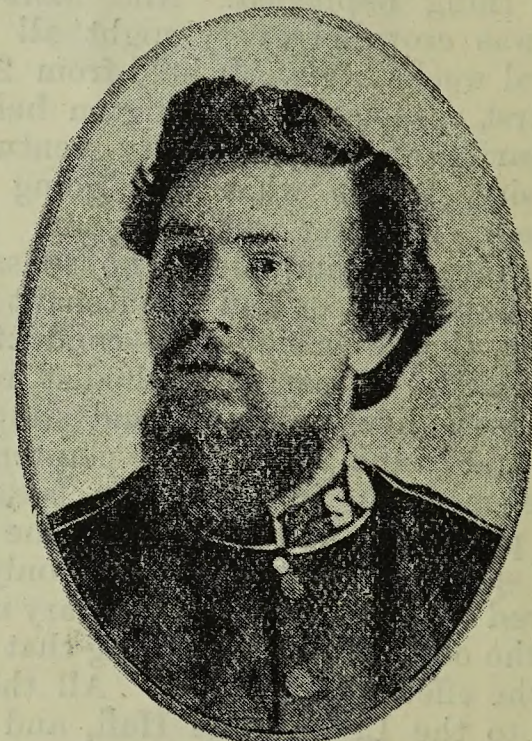
COMMISSIONER HOWARD



COMMISSIONER ADAMS



COMMISSIONER RAILTON



COMMISSIONER COOMBES



COLONEL DOWDLE



COLONEL CADMAN



COLONEL NICOL

From Photographs by]

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

[Stereoscopic Company.

churches and chapels in Darlington had combined to open mission services in Livingstone Hall. And the only visible means by which this result was brought about was these two girls, neither of them well educated, both delicate, and without any friends or material resources whatever.

THE GENIUS OF THE GENERAL.

The first letter I ever wrote to headquarters was a brief note to the General complaining of the cruelty of sending two such frail young women—one of whom seemed threatened with consumption—to undertake such exhausting work. I added, what I fully believed, that if they broke down and died he would deserve to be indicted for manslaughter. The General's reply was characteristic: "You would never do for a general," he said. "A general must not be afraid to spend his soldiers in order to carry a position." The girls, however, did not break down. Captain Rose, the more delicate one, on whose behalf I had written to headquarters, is now the mother of a bouncing family. She has been to the Cape delivering the message of the Army to Boers and Zulus, and is now busy helping Mrs. Bramwell in the rescue work.

Since that time I have been more or less intimately acquainted with the Salvation Army in London and in the provinces. I have been in the dock with Mr. Bramwell Booth, and have been more or less intimate with all the family. I have often been tempted very strongly—of the evil one, I always maintain, much to the scandal of these good people—to leave my appointed work and join the Army. I have never been more than an outside supporter. But I have been brought close enough into contact with them all to be able to form a fairly accurate idea of the measure of their capacity, the range of their ideas, and the force of their mental energy. A journalistic career of twenty years has brought me into close quarters with an immense number of the ablest men and women of our time, and I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in the whole sweep of my acquaintance I have not met more than half-a-dozen men—British, European, or American—crowned or uncrowned, prelates, statesmen, soldiers, or workers, whom I would rank as the superiors in force, capacity, and initiative with General Booth, Mrs. Booth, and their eldest son. Whether or not General Booth be, as Lord Wolseley declared, the greatest organizing genius of our time, he and his family constitute the most remarkable group of men and women that I know.

AND OF THE FAMILY.

There have been great men and famous men who have founded great and world-wide organizations, but General Booth is the first one who has at the same time reared a family for the express purpose of carrying on and perfecting the work which he has begun. Perhaps the secret is to be found in the fact that the Salvation Army is quite as much the work of his wife as it is of himself. The Salvation Army believes in heredity; it believes in training: and both beliefs find strongest confirmation in the extraordinary capacity of the whole family. Consecrated from the cradle to the service of the Army, they have without a single exception—and there are eight of them—devoted their lives to the cause. All differ, but all possess some measure of the extraordinary gifts of their extraordinary parents. Physically they are far from robust. There never was such a set of cripples who did such heavy work as the Booth family. Mrs. Booth, who is now dying with cancer, all her life through suffered from an affection of the heart, which often prostrated her for hours after addressing a great meeting, and has repeatedly

laid her aside for weeks together. Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, the Marshal of the French Salvation Army, suffers from weakness of the spine. Mr. Bramwell Booth for years was such a sufferer from heart disease, left by rheumatic fever, that he could not lie down even to sleep. Mr. Herbert Booth suffers similarly.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, the eldest, is now thirty-four years of age. There is no more striking characteristic of the Army than the youth of all its officers. Mr. Ballington Booth, when he went to conduct the campaign in Australia, was only twenty-six. Miss Katherine Booth started on her forlorn hope to indoctrinate atheistic Belleville with the gospel of the Salvation Army when only twenty-one. Miss Emma Booth took charge of the Training Home when little more than a child. The majority of the 9,000 officers are under twenty-five. It is an Army possessing all the fervour, the enthusiasm, and the confidence of youth.

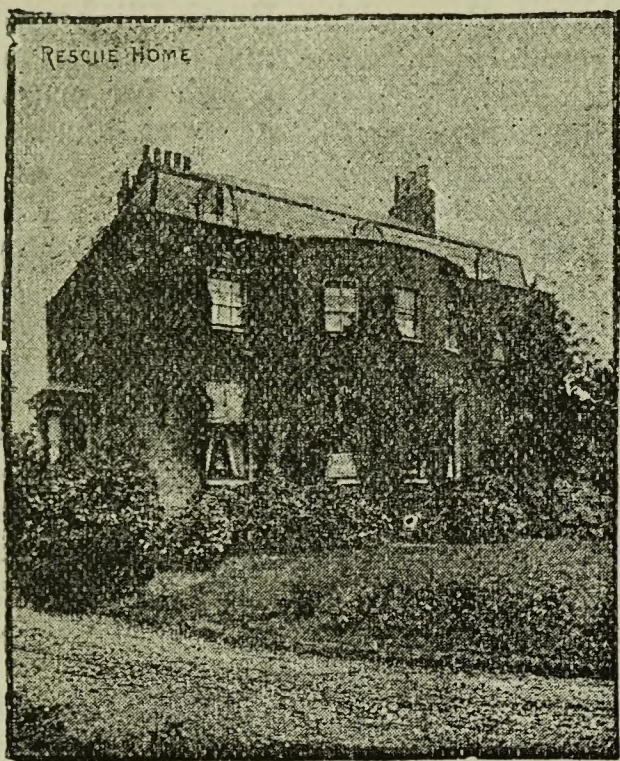
Weak and ailing though they are, they have an infinite reserve of energy and "go." Trained almost from childhood to handle all the practical details of administration and finance, accustomed every day to deal with men and women as individuals and in masses, there is not a member of the family now in the field who would not, if the occasion should unfortunately arise, be much better prepared to take over the duties of commander-in-chief than General Booth twelve years ago seemed prepared for the direction of a great world-wide religious organization.

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

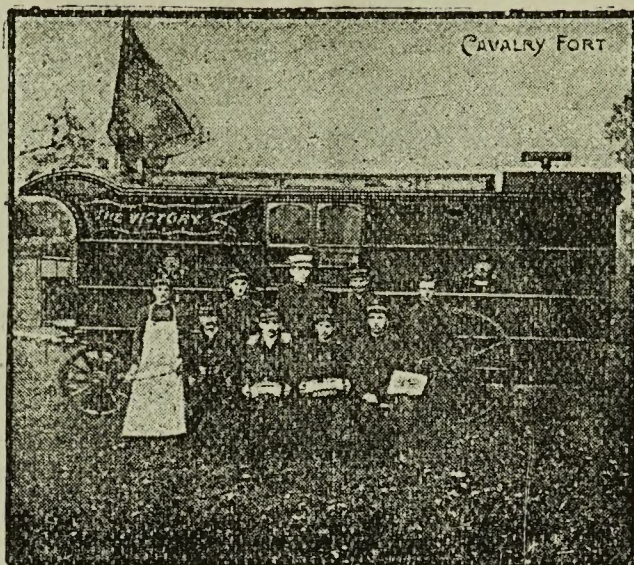
Around the family are grouped an exceedingly competent staff. The most novel and instructive feature of this religious army, not of celibates but of married folk, is the extent to which the institution of matrimony ministers to the success of the organization. Hildebrand, by dooming the priesthood to celibacy, created an effective force of ecclesiastical Mamelukes; but General Booth has made marriage one of the corner-stones of the Salvation Army. He has not only got sons and daughters of his own to succeed him, but he has made marriage alliances which double the fighting force of the family. The wife of the Chief of the Staff, but the other day a doctor's daughter from South Wales, is now at the head of the largest system of rescue homes for fallen women in the world. The wife of Mr. Ballington Booth, the daughter of an English clergyman, is now with her husband directing all the operations of the army in the United States of America. The third son has just married a capable and gifted Dutch lady, notable as their first marriage outside the English-speaking pale. Of the daughters only two are as yet married. The elder, usually known as the Maréchale, married a Quaker from the North of Ireland, upon whom has devolved the task of directing the Army Corps stationed in France and Switzerland. The younger married Mr. Commissioner Tucker, of the well-known Anglo-Indian family, and upon the two has devolved the organization of the marvellous missionary operations of the Army in Hindostan. From these marriages have sprung a numerous progeny, all of whom have been consecrated and dedicated to the Holy War before they left the cradle. I do not know any other family as numerous which has succeeded in infusing into every one of its members, their wives and their husbands, the enthusiasm of its founder.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN THE ARMY.

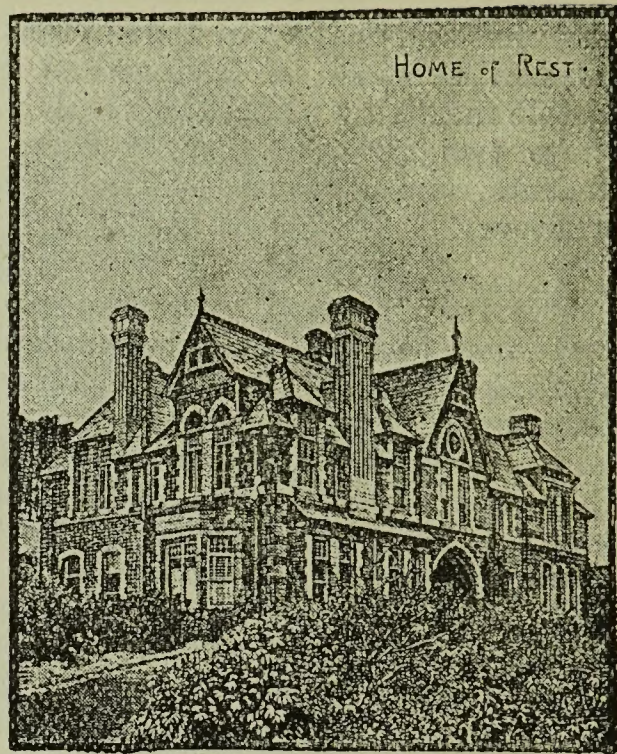
Mr. George Meredith remarked to me one day that one of the most brilliant proofs of St. Paul's genius was the discovery that women could be employed with effect in the service of the Church. If this were his discovery,



RESCUE HOME



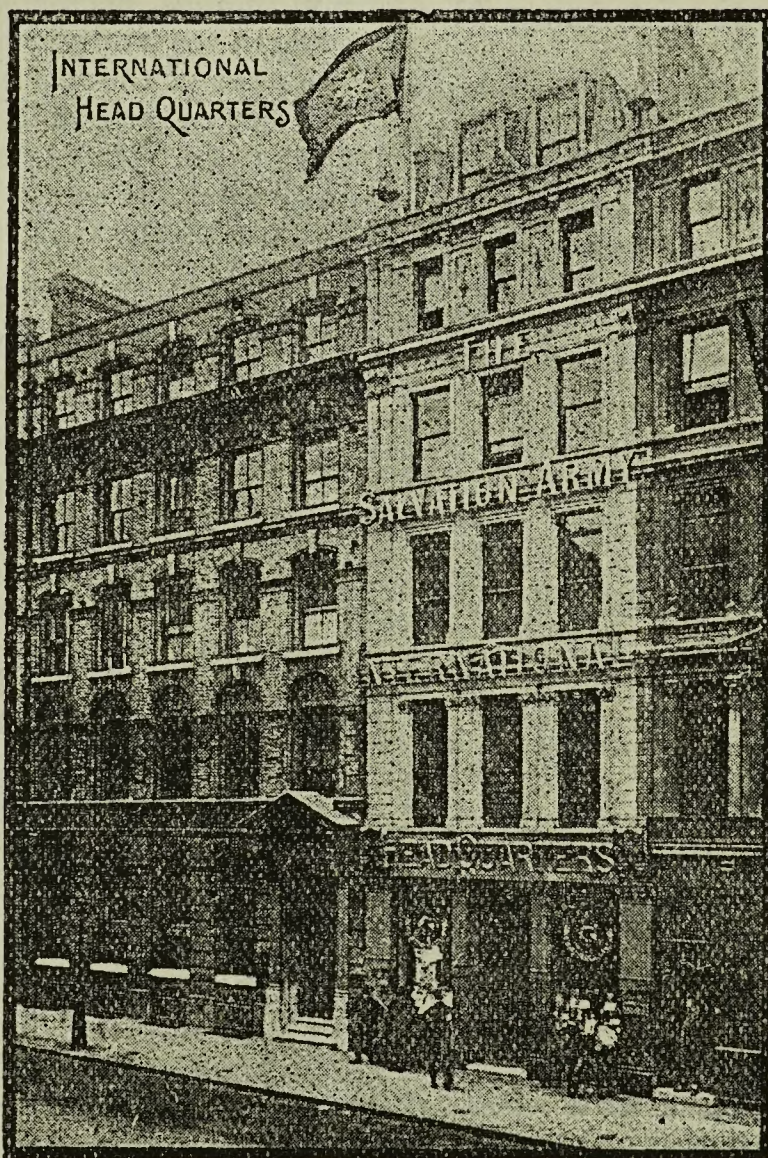
CAVALRY FORT



HOME OF REST



INTERNATIONAL
TRADE HEAD QUARTERS



INTERNATIONAL
HEAD QUARTERS



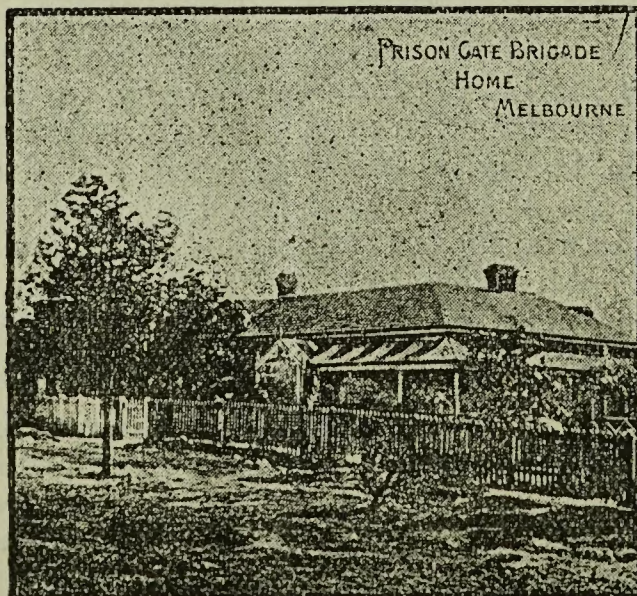
CLAPTON



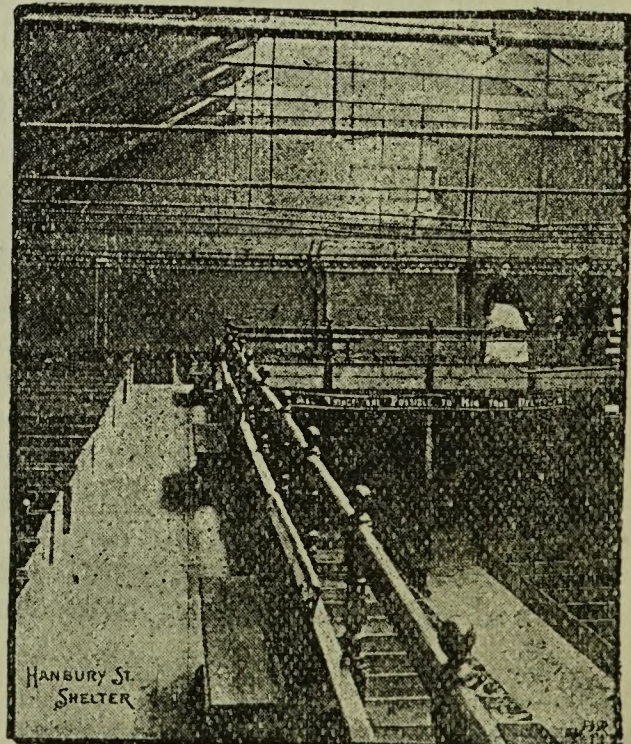
SALVATION ARMY

FOOD AND SHELTER

WHITEHART SHELTER



PRISON GATE BRIGADE
HOME
MELBOURNE



HANBURY ST.
SHELTER

the Apostle must have been much troubled in these later times to note how his injunctions to the Corinthian Church have been used to cripple the female ministry ever since. The Salvation Army, as befits an organization largely founded by a woman, is in no bondage to Corinthian standards. It follows the Apostle's example, and in one of its earliest rules and regulations we read :—

As the Army refuses to make any difference between men and women as to rank, authority and duties, but opens the highest positions to women as well as to men, the words "woman," "she," "her," are scarcely ever used in orders—"man," "he," "his," being always understood to mean a person of either sex unless when it is obviously impossible.

The extent to which the Salvation Army has employed women in every department of its administration has been one of the great secrets of its strength. No religious body, with the exception of the Society of Friends, has ever accorded to both halves of the human race equal rights in the affairs of religion. The Army did this from the first, but it was not till 1875 that the absolute equality of the sexes in all the departments of the administration of the Army was solemnly and formally affirmed. It may only be a coincidence, but, if so, it is a curious one, that that year marks the beginning of what may be called the phenomenal expansion of the Salvation Army. If Salvationists had rendered no other services to humanity and civilization than that which is involved in revealing to the world the latent capacities and enormous possibilities of usefulness that lie in womankind, they would have deserved well of their generation. This, however—which seems to be one of the crowning glories of the Army—has been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to many. Among others who were much scandalized by the female ministry was the late Canon Liddon. He was on all questions relating to the employment and enfranchisement of women a hopeless reactionary. I do not remember any man in the whole circle of my acquaintance who was so resolutely opposed, on principle, to women appearing in any public function whatever. To do him justice, Canon Liddon was logical; he had no tolerance for the monstrous absurdity of those who declare that it is perfectly right for a woman to sing in a concert or act on the stage, but that she is demeaning herself if she speaks on the platform or in the pulpit. Canon Liddon confounded in one comprehensive anathema all attempts to bring woman before the public. He was still in what may be called the zenana stage, and held resolutely to that perversion of a sound doctrine, which, instead of asserting that woman's sphere is her home, maintains that woman's only sphere is her home.

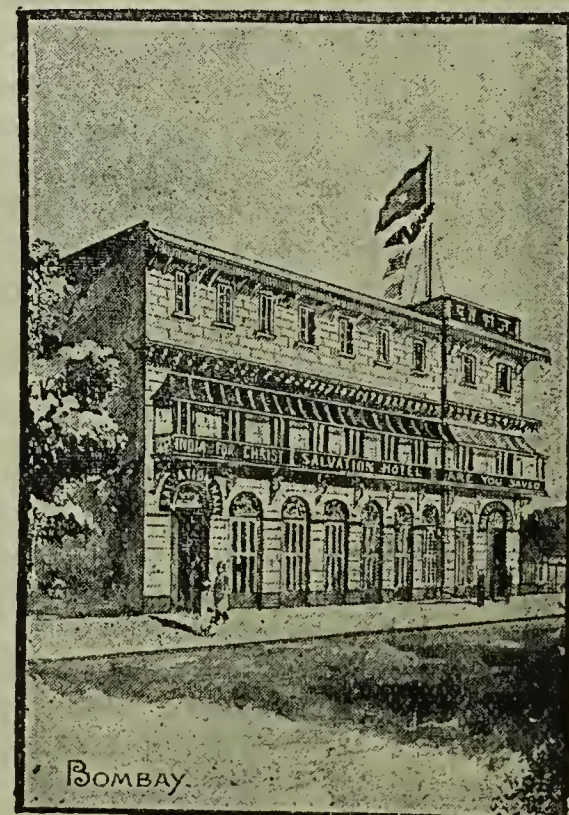
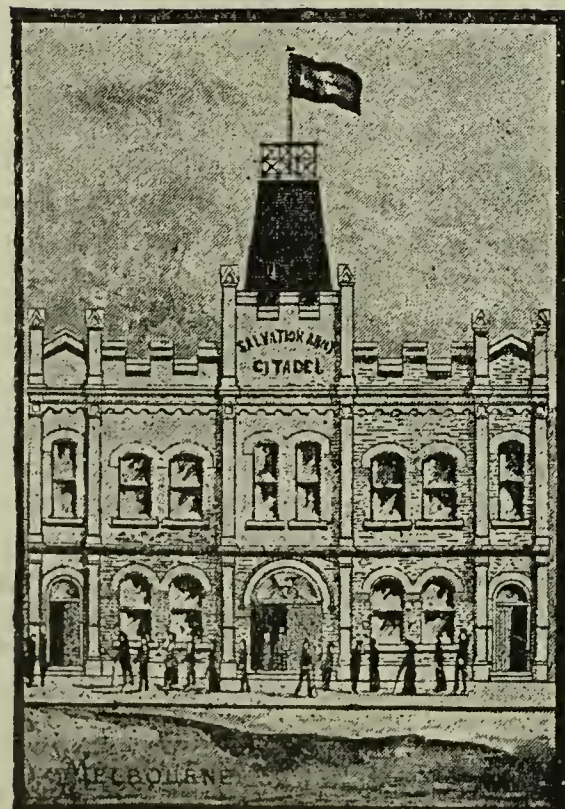
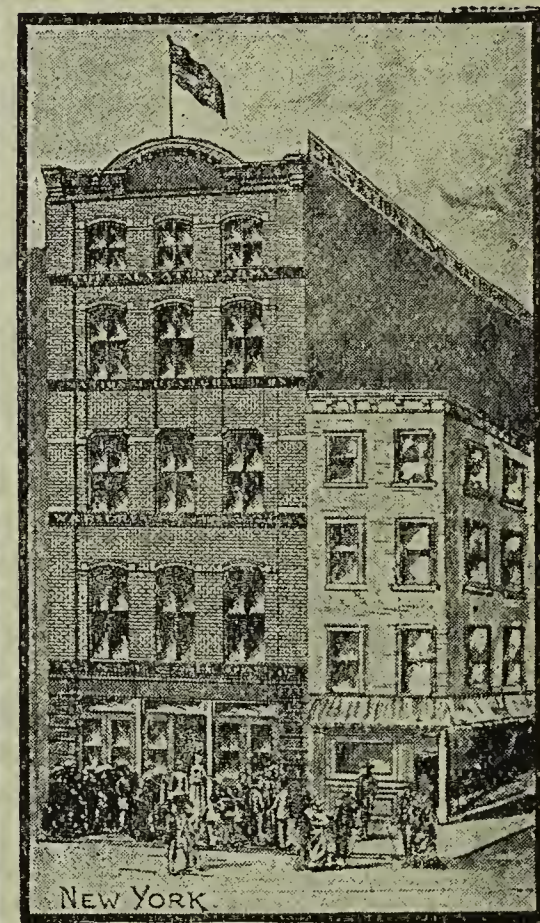
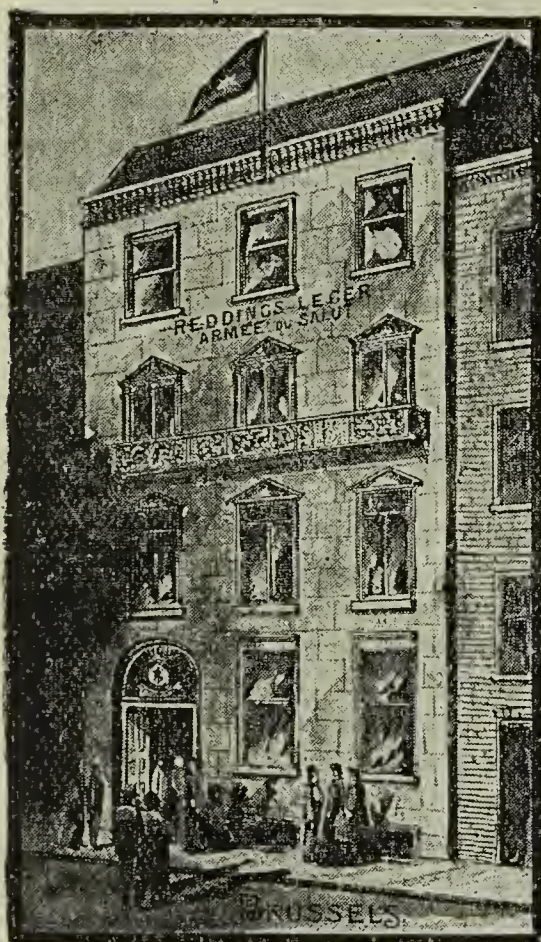
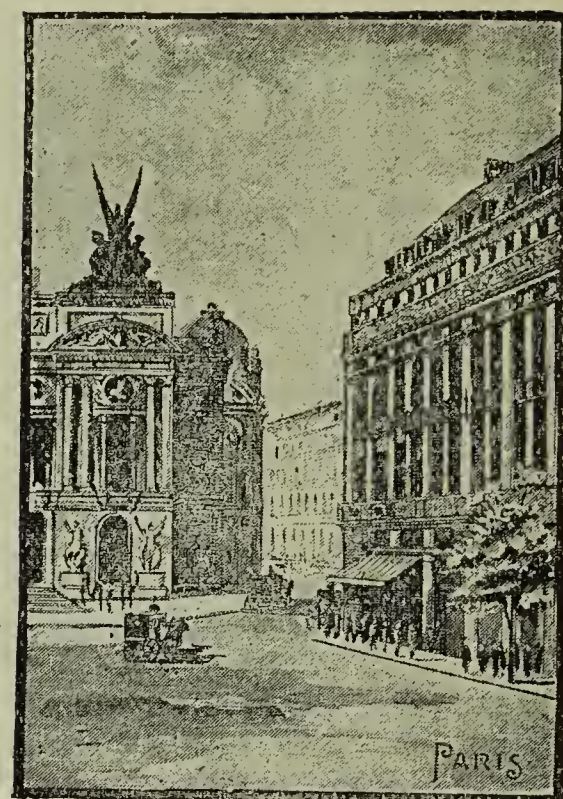
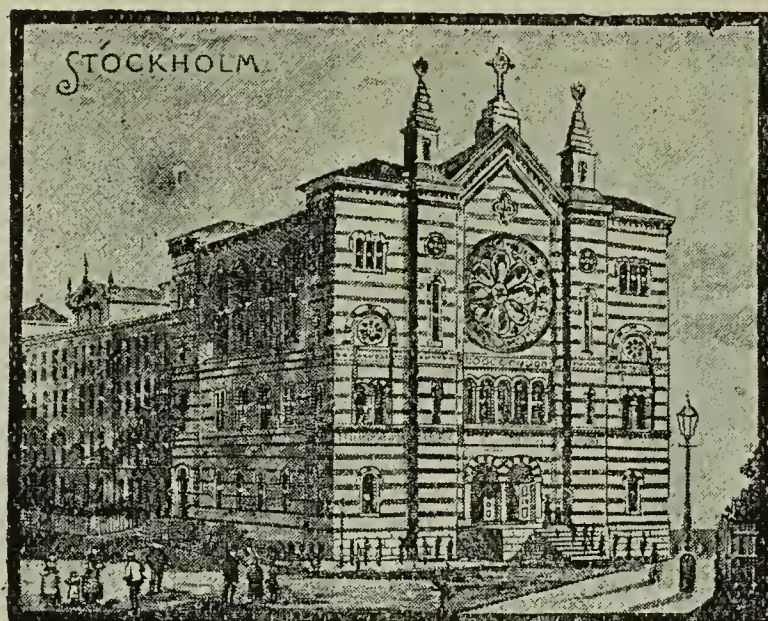
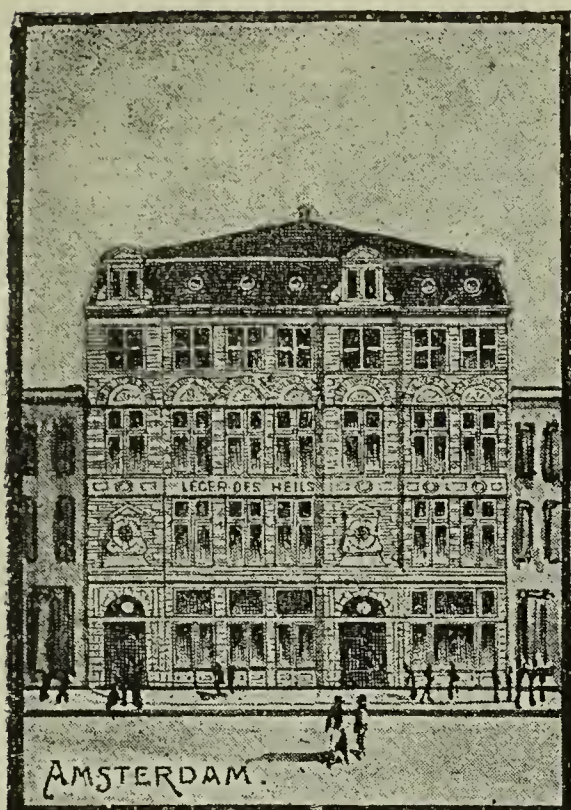
CANON LIDDON AT A HOLINESS MEETING.

I remember well the only time when, so far as I know, Canon Liddon ever attended a Salvation Army service. It happened rather unfortunately. The Sunday before he had been preaching one of his great sermons under St. Paul's dome, the theme of which was the duty of woman to remain strictly within the domestic sphere. He deduced this somehow or other from the example of the mother of our Lord, and was, therefore, more than ordinarily charged with prejudice against the assumption by woman of the functions of teacher or preacher. We had often talked about the Salvation Army, and he had expressed his curiosity and interest in the new organization. I offered to take him to a Holiness meeting, which was then being held at Whitechapel, one Friday night. It was late in the year, I think, of 1881, and it was quite dark when I got him into a hansom at Amen Court, and drove off eastwards. When we were

passing St. Paul's, I remember a somewhat amusing incident. Canon Liddon had no sooner seated himself in the hansom than he began to take off the white collar which is the distinguishing badge of the cleric. "I hope you will not think," said he, pleasantly, "that this savours of a lack of moral courage," but, he added, as he carefully adjusted his black necktie, "people are so troublesome, and correspondence is such a burden to me. If I were not to change my collar I would be sure to be recognized, and all next week I should be bothered by good but mistaken people, whose letters I could not ignore, either protesting against my attending a service of the Salvation Army, or inquiring if it was true, and, if so, why. It is, therefore, only for the avoidance of useless friction that I make this change." At last we reached the spacious and well-lighted hall, and in order to minimize the possibility of being recognized we took up our seats, in a remote corner beneath the gallery. What was our consternation before we had been seated five minutes to see a clergyman of the Church of England clambering over the forms towards us! When he reached us he said, "Oh, Canon Liddon, I am delighted to see you here!" The disguise had not been effectual, but I never heard whether the recognition had occasioned him any subsequent inconvenience.

HOW IT AFFECTED CANON LIDDON.

The meeting was of the ordinary type; there were testimonies, prayers, and lively singing. Among others who testified was a girl in a Salvation Army bonnet and the regulation dress, and a stoker, fresh from some steamer in the London Docks, whose grimy face did not prevent him taking part in the service, much to the delight of the good Canon, who sighed as he said, "We could not get such men to St. Paul's." When we left, we walked back through the City. Canon Liddon was deeply impressed. He was at first somewhat silent, but after a time he said, "It fills me with shame! I feel guilty when I think of myself." He continued musingly, "To think of these poor people with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet, what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing? When I compare all the advantages we enjoy, we who possess the whole body of truth, and see how little use we make of it, how little effect we produce compared with that which was palpable at that meeting,—I take shame to myself when I think of it. Of course," said he, "I did not like the women speaking, although I was prepared for it. I have the misfortune," he added, with the sly humour which ever characterized him, "I have the misfortune, you know, to agree with the Apostle Paul on that question." This was, of course, sufficient to bring on an animated polemic. Canon Liddon objected strongly to the theory that the Apostle's prohibition of women teaching in church was a temporary mandate of local application only in force in Corinth and the Greek cities, where for a woman to be heard in public was almost equivalent to her enrolment among the class of courtesans, and utterly inconsistent with his own recognition of the women who prophesied and taught among the Jews. Such a doctrine, he said, would carry us very far. Almost the last conversation I had with him this year was on the same lines, his objection this time being called forth by what he considered the dangerous tendencies of "Lux Mundi." The chief point, however, round which that discussion raged nine years ago was his stout assertion that the Salvation Army had only a small part of the truth. I agreed, for all human beings only know in part; but I said, "Surely you must admit that they have got the essential truth?" He replied, "I no more recognize essential truth than I do an essential horse. All truth is essential. You



From Photographs by

SALVATION ARMY CENTRES.

Stereoscopic Company.

† The asterisk marks the entry to the Hall in the Rue Auber, opposite the Grand Opera.

can no more divide it than you can divide a horse. A horse has head and legs and tail. It would be just as absurd to speak of an essential horse with one leg as of essential truth which is not all truth." "But surely," I said, "you don't mean to say that you have grasped the whole body of truth?" And thus it went on until we came to Amen Court, where we stood in the cold night air arguing whether the limited truth of the Anglicans was not just as far short from the corpus of the whole body of the truth as the creed of the Salvation Army. I remember that conversation as if it were only yesterday. When we at last parted Canon Liddon had caught such a cold that next day he could not use his voice.

PILGRIMS FROM THE EAST.

One day this spring I had strange company. A young Buddhist priest, who had just arrived in London, with a yellow turban, escorted by a singularly handsome Cinghalese, with long black hair floating over his shoulders from beneath the brilliant vermilion of his head-dress, called upon me with two other companions. One was an ex-Buddhist from Ceylon; the other a much taller and more powerful native of Southern India, who had been a Mohammedan, but was now in training for a command in the Salvation Army. They were seated in a semicircle round my fire, while an Englishman, fair-haired and blue-eyed, in the regulation uniform, sat by my side. The contrast of physique was as great as the difference of language, and the variety of dress made a very striking picture. But in all the diversity there was unity. They were all happy, notwithstanding the climate, and they were all "saved." Buddhist, Mohammedan, Nothingarian, and Christian they had been. Now they were all one in the strange brotherhood. "How did you come," I asked the *ci-devant* Moslem, "to forsake the creed of the Prophet?" "I had tried all the sects of our religion, and in none could I find what I wanted. There was always an aching void here. I was a clerk in the Government Service some twenty miles inland from Madras. I heard of the Salvation Army. I went to their meetings. I got Mrs. Booth's book, 'Life and Death,' and I saw that here was that for which I was seeking. Here was the secret of the power over sin and self that I wanted. That is how I became a Salvationist." "And you?" I asked of the Buddhist priest, a mere slip of a lad, whose bright eyes were lit up with a pleasant smile, "What did you find in Christianity superior to Buddhism?" "Buddhism," replied the interpreter, in the resplendent turban, "teaches almost exactly the same virtues as Christianity. The difference is that what Buddhism tells us to do, Christianity gives us power to do. I saw the Salvationists in my own country. They were happy, I was not; they were devoted to their religion. I wished to be happy and to be holy." I said, "They must have the truth I required. I wished for the secret of their joy, I found it, and I am saved." In token of which he and the rest of them had come across the black water, many a thousand miles, to the headquarters of their new faith, to testify to the reality of their conversion and to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the Salvation War.

THE JOYOUSNESS OF THE ARMY.

The little group in my room, jabbering strange tongues, but all buoyant with the joyousness of a faith which made even the murk and grime of London more radiant than the sun-lit sky of their native land, was a striking object-lesson in contemporary history—a new lesson, and yet an old one. These dark-skinned, turbaned strangers were but the latest trophies of the same

spirit which has gone forth conquering and to conquer since the rough-and-ready Roman executioners sought to snuff it out by the summary process of nailing up one Jesus of Nazareth, alive and writhing, to the cross of the malefactor, much as gamekeepers nail up vermin to the outside of their lodges. The lift of the same impulse which enabled the proscribed of the Catacombs to establish their position on the ruin of the thrones of the Cæsars brought these men here; the same joy that was not of this world cleared the Coliseum of the gladiators, and reared St. Peter's in the gardens of Nero.

The distinguishing note of the Salvationist is joyousness. No one can attend any of the great meetings of the Army; no one can know intimately any of its members without being impressed by that fact. The Booths have at least brought much happiness into the world. It is because the Army is joyous that it thrives. The happiness of its members is their talisman to the hearts of men.

ORGANIZATION AND ITS PERILS

The work of the Salvation Army is often very imperfectly understood even by those who see a good deal of it, and are heartily in accord with its spirit. The organization is much talked about, but very little examined. Yet, without that organization Salvationism would be a mere rope of sand. General Booth is not unmindful of the perils which have led to the death of so many religious organizations. The soul has died out of them. The machinery stands there, burnished or rusty, as the case may be, but there is no fire in the furnace, no water in the boiler, or if, mayhap, there be some steam still generated, it is only enough to make the wheels of the engine revolve, without creating any haulage power to move the masses of dead weight behind. The Salvation Army has been constructed from the first on the principle that when the soul goes out the thing must die. "I do not want another ecclesiastical corpse cumbering the earth," said General Booth to me many years ago. "When the Salvation Army ceases to be a militant body of red-hot men and women whose supreme business is the saving of souls, I hope it will vanish utterly."

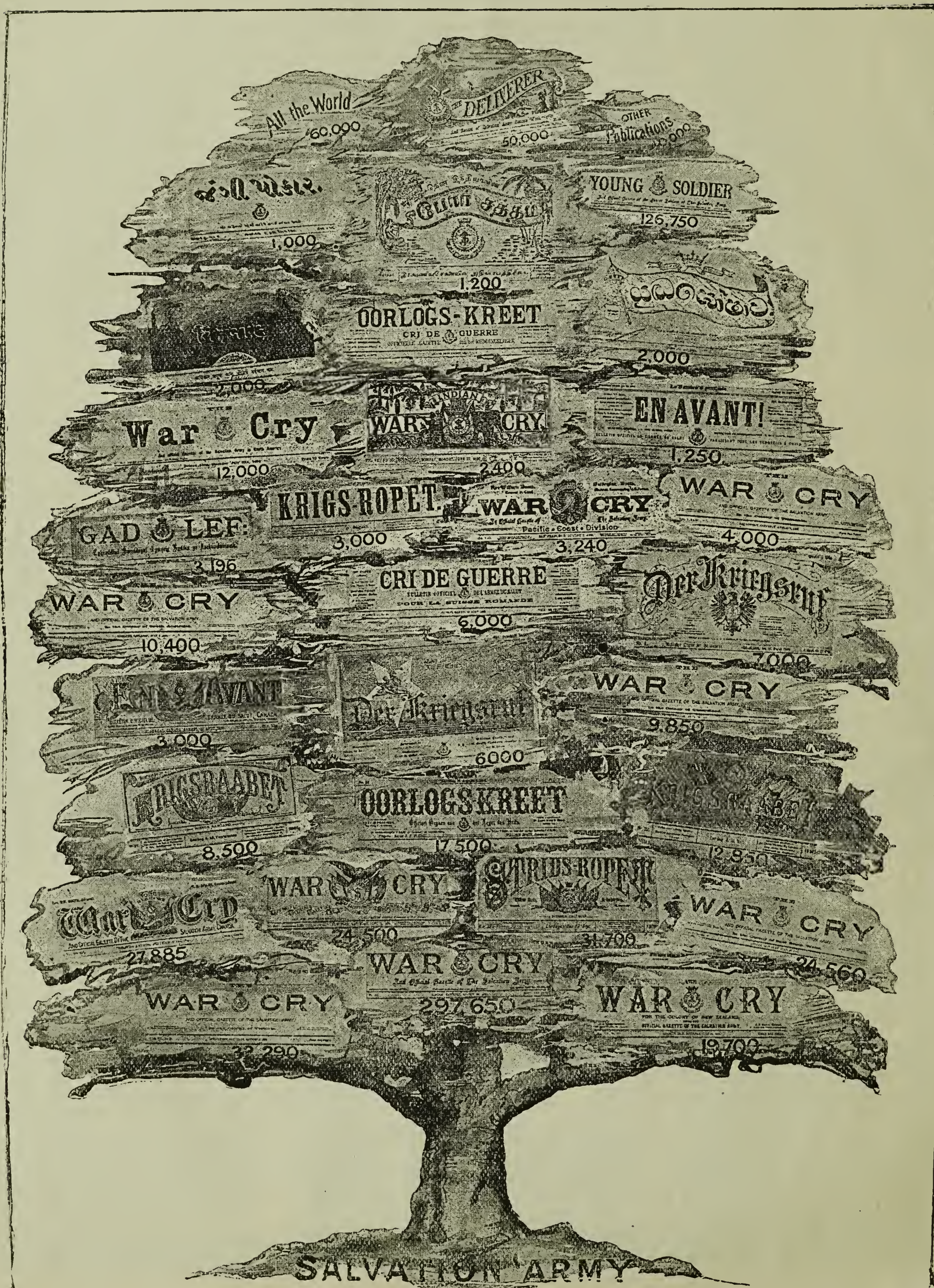
This was said in reply to a remark that as the Quakers—the Salvationists of the Commonwealth—had become extinct volcanoes, so would the Salvationists of our time. They, too, would become respectable and cease to exist as a propagandist, militant body. Since that time, however, the Salvation Army has grown so rapidly and has evolved so many agencies, built so many edifices, and created, in short, so substantial a temporal skeleton and material tabernacle that, even if it lost its soul, its corpse would be a terribly long time in decomposing.

The following is a return of property now vested in the Salvation Army:—

Great Britain	£377,500
Canada	98,728
Australia	86,251
New Zealand	14,798
Sweden	13,598
Norway	11,676
South Africa	10,401
Holland	7,188
America, U.S.	6,601
India	5,537
Denmark	2,340
France and Switzerland	10,000

Total ... £644,618

* This total, of course, represents the value of the buildings, without taking account of mortgages, &c.



WHY AN "ARMY"?

Nothing is more curious in modern scientific theories than the stress which they lay upon the effect of accident. The line of development by which our ancestors were evolved is usually said to have been hit upon by some apparent fluke. Some individual, by chance, hit upon something which helped him. The help it gave him made him strong to overcome his fellows, and the habit was transmitted to his posterity. They, in their turn, developing and practising it, it came to be the law of their being. They stumbled, as it were, by the merest accident, into the groove which gave them capacity to survive and power to adapt themselves to their circumstances. This was certainly the case with the Salvation Army.

The writer of "Heathen England," says "The General" was no aping of military title. It was the abbreviation of the General Superintendent of the Christian Mission. In like manner, strange as the title Captain sounds for the head of a religious mission, it was a natural growth. In a crowd, the person who directs is the Captain, just as in America he is the Boss.

As Mr. Booth's agents had no distinctive title, not being parsons, or ministers, or preachers, their nondescript hearers dubbed them Captain, and thus the two titles came into being which suggested the military organization ultimately adopted. The title, "Salvation Army" itself was set up almost by a fluke. In correcting a proof, Mr. Railton, defining the Christian mission, had written that it was "a volunteer army of converted working people." "No," said Mr. Booth, "we are not volunteers, for we feel we must do what we do, and we are always on duty." He crossed out the word, and wrote "Salvation." The word immediately struck his colleagues, it was adopted, and thus the phrase, Salvation Army, came into being as an explanation of the nature of the Christian Mission. By a process of natural selection, it survived, the "Christian Mission" was dropped, and in 1878 it was formally re-constituted as the Salvation Army, after long and careful study of the manuals of the British Army.

There is, of course, a great deal in the Scripture to suggest the foundation of the Church militant on a military basis. When once the idea was hit upon, its development was both logical and easy.

It may be noted that General Booth, even in the adoption of the term "Army," has done little more than follow the example of George Fox. Flowgate, writing to Margaret Fell in 1655, said of the Society of Friends:—"Our Army is most scattered and broken and cast into prison. . . . The charge is great and our camp great."

IN THE FIELD AGAINST THE DEVIL.

The great enemy of mankind is the foe against whom the Salvation Army is constantly in the field. The devil is no imaginary, mythical entity or nonentity to the Salvationists. He is a very real, very malevolent, and horribly persistent enemy, who is in possession of the greatest part of the world, and against whom it is their bounden duty to fight until death gives them release and victory. Although the weapons of their warfare are not carnal, the whole of their ecclesiasticism is borrowed from the barracks and the camp. General Booth has the rules and regulations of the British Army at his right hand in his study-bedroom at Clacton, and he told me it had helped him more than all the constitutions of all the Churches. As Lord Wolseley went forth against the Mahdi to wage war in the Soudan and to liberate the captives at Khartoum, so General Booth sends forth his legions to do battle against the evil one, who has his Soudan in every street and his Khartoum in every heart.

This constant consciousness of being on a war footing and actually in the field against the evil one gives a strangely vivid practicality to the whole of the work of the Army. They are, as the leaders say, for fighting the devil all round; and they have much more respect for their active and unsleeping foe than they have for the lethargic, indifferent Laodiceans who form the non-combatant camp-followers of the Churches.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

Hitherto the weapons of the Salvation war have been spiritual. The leaders of the Army, down even to the spring of this year, insisted that they had much better stick to their old position and confine themselves to direct spiritual work for the salvation of souls. The General has always said, "Let us make the man, and he will soon find himself a home, both temporal and spiritual." But the General has now discovered that the squalor and the filth and the injustice and the helpless poverty of our existing social arrangements often help to mar the man as soon as he has helped to make him.

In the Rules and Regulations it is written:—

As a Russian agent, travelling through France, would consider that he had nothing to do with its form of government, its laws, or its parliamentary discussions, any further than they concerned him for the short time he was in the country, so the Salvation soldier considers that he is a pilgrim and a stranger in this world, and is not interested in the manner of its government, any further than it concerns his welfare for the time being and the interests of the kingdom of God, which he represents.

But the next clause says:—

Still circumstances may arise in which the welfare of his comrades, the interests of suffering humanity, and the position and progress of the Army itself, may call upon him to take some definite action with respect to these matters.

The Army now feels strong enough to attempt something more than the saving of the individual. It is entering upon a campaign for the salvation of society, proclaiming a Holy War against the contributory causes which render the reclamation of the lost almost an impossibility. The General's book grapples with the question in very thoroughgoing style. The first part sets out his idea of the number and condition of the classes who demand social salvation. He calls them the submerged tenth. There are some three or four millions of them. A great and doleful army of criminals, paupers, prostitutes, drunkards, tramps, the houseless, the homeless, in short the great Army of Despair. These men are our brethren. What are we to do with them? is his question. That his answer in the second part of his book, which is styled Deliverance, will not be lacking in comprehensiveness may be inferred from the following table of contents:—

Chapter	I.—A STUPENDOUS UNDERTAKING.
	(a) The Essentials to Success.
	(b) My Scheme.
Chapter	II.—TO THE RESCUE!—THE CITY COLONY.
	(a) Food and Shelter for Every Man.
	(b) Work for the Out-of-Works.—The Factory.
	(c) The Labour Bureau.
	(d) The Waste-Not, Want-Not Brigades.
Chapter	III.—TO THE COUNTRY.—THE FARM COLONY.
	(a) The Farm.
	(b) The Village.
	(c) Co-operative Settlement.
Chapter	IV.—NEW BRITAIN.—THE COLONY OVER-SEA.
	(a) The Colony and the Colonists.
	(b) Universal Emigration.
	(c) The Salvation Ship.

Chapter V.—MORE CRUSADES.

- (a) Our Slum Sisters.
- (b) The Prison Gate Brigade.
- (c) Effectual Deliverance for the Drunkard.
- (d) Rescue Homes for Lost Women.
- (e) Searching for Lost People.
- (f) Industrial Schools.
- (g) Asylums for Moral Lunatics.

Chapter VI.—HELP IN GENERAL.

- (a) Improved Lodging Houses.
- (b) Model Suburban Villages.
- (c) Whitechapel by the Sea.
- (d) Co-operation in General.
- (e) The Poor Man's Bank.
- (f) The Poor Man's Lawyer.
- (g) Matrimonial Bureau.

Chapter VII.—CAN IT BE DONE, AND HOW?

- (a) The credentials of the Salvation Army.
- (b) How much will it cost?
- (c) Some advantages stated.
- (d) Some objections met.
- (e) Recapitulation.

Chapter VIII.—A PRACTICAL CONCLUSION.

That is a mere list of contents of the second part of the work. I shall describe it more in detail next month.

WHAT THE ARMY HAS DONE ALREADY.

The General, in making these proposals, is justified in saying that he suggests nothing which he has not already shown can be done. The Army was but of yesterday; but already it has covered the world with its organization. It is the only English religious system that has made any impact whatever upon the vice and indifference of non-English-speaking Europeans. But this is less important, from the point of view of the social question, than what it has done in dealing with the lost and the despairing. While avowedly a strictly spiritual organization, it has thrown out on every side agencies for dealing with the temporal wants of men. It has at this moment Rescue Homes, with officers and inmates; it has established Prison Brigades, who look after the discharged criminal; it has opened Food and Shelter Depôts for feeding the hungry and lodging the destitute; it has a hundred Slum-sisters living in the heart of the worst districts. It is planning how to establish inebriate retreats, and it has already opened a factory for the employment of the Out-of-Works. The whole organization bristles with life, and it is instinct with vitality at every pore.

SOME STATISTICS.

The Salvation Army began twenty-five years ago, when one man and his wife took up their stand on Mile End Green. Its progress was comparatively slow till the year of the Berlin Congress. In 1877 there were only 30 corps, with 36 officers. Five years later they had increased to 524 corps and 1,287 officers. At the end of 1885 they had risen to 1,322 corps and 3,076 officers. To-day 2,864 corps, scattered over 32 different countries and colonies, with 9,349 officers, exclusively devoted to the work, 13,000 non-commissioned officers, rendering voluntary service. 160,000 open air meetings are held every week, chiefly in England, where there are 1,377 corps. The sum annually raised from all sources by the Army is over £750,000. They have 24 Homes of Rest in this country and abroad, accommodating 240 officers at a cost of £10,000 per annum. Thirty Training Garrisons, all in London, are occupied by 400 cadets, each of whom receives six months' training before being sent into the field. The work of evangelizing the villages is carried on by means of

seven huge vans, known as Cavalry Forts, each containing on an average nine officers, who travel from place to place, holding meetings where the population is too thin to justify the establishment of a corps. The following is the circulation of their publications in the country:—

	Weekly.		Monthly.
<i>The War Cry</i> ...	300,000	<i>All the World</i> ...	50,000
<i>The Young Soldier</i>	103,000	<i>Deliverer</i> ...	48,000
	403,000		98,000

Some idea of the demand upon the trade department may be formed from the fact that they sell 22,000 Army bonnets every year to the female soldiers. There are 80 officers stationed in the slums. There are 30 Rescue Homes for Fallen Women (14 of which are in England), with 224 officers, which last year dealt with 2,200 women. They have five Shelters, accommodating 900 persons nightly, and three Food Depôts, dispensing 20,000 meals per day. The annual cost of telegrams in this country alone is over £2,000 a year. For the week ending 15th September there were received at headquarters 5,574 letters and telegrams, and 7,300 were sent out. This is exclusive of circulars, parcels, &c., of which some five or six thousand are issued every week. Three thousand candidates last year offered themselves for service in the Army—1,320 were accepted.

AS AN EDUCATIONAL AGENCY.

Carlyle's picture of the Mediæval Church as a great organization, delving down into the lowest strata of human society, and exploring every seam, as with a miner's lantern, in order to discover, extricate, and utilize any hidden diamond or jewel of price that may be hidden there, has always fascinated my imagination.

The Salvation Army, in its own way, does that work. It has trained thousands, whose energies would have been wasted in tap-rooms and at street corners, to do the practical work of teaching, ruling, and administering. It has done more to spread a real, rough, but genuine culture among the lowest than both our Universities. It is easy to sneer at its *War Crys*, but as a rough-and-ready school of journalism they have no rival. They are the natural expression of the common man, who, but for the Salvation Army, would never have learned to write grammatically, to express himself concisely, and to report succinctly what he sees. The Army hymnology may not be as polished as that of the Anglican Church, but regarded as the spontaneous utterance of the aspiration of the English poor toward an ideal life, it is one of the most remarkable literary and devotional growths of our time. Then, again, in music the Army has done great things. To teach everyone to sing, to accustom the poorest and the most ignorant to the most inspiring music of the day, to rear up in almost every village men and women who will spend hours learning to play musical instruments—all this is foundation work which must not be despised. The Army has at present 7,000 bandsmen under its orders, and those who were at the Crystal Palace last July do not need to be told what mastery many of the bands had over their instruments. But over and above all this literary and musical culture, the Army has deserved well of the State, because of the training in self-government which it gives to the people, and its constant assertion of the importance of disciplined obedience.

THE DISCIPLINE AND ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

In every twelve men, says the General, there is a captain. To find him, and to make him responsible for the wise direction of the other eleven, is the secret of good

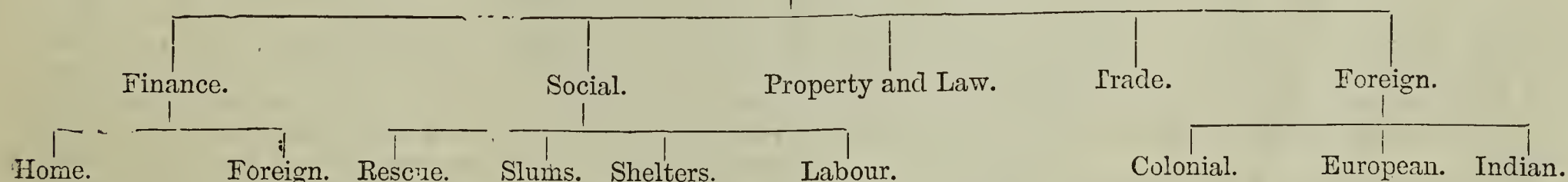
government and of effective organization. In this, as in every other case, when the General says men he means equally women. Of the officers of the Army about forty per cent. are women. The Army is established on principles Carlylean, in exact opposition to the ideas prevalent in parliamentary circles. There is no room in the Army for those who want to vote and to argue to get their own way. The rules and regulations assert that the Salvation Army is based on the principle of the administration of government by the wisest and the best. Leadership is essential, and the best leadership is the leadership of the most capable. The practise of obedience is at the very foundation of all the fighting power of the Army. Obedience is a means of grace. It must be prompt and constant. Obedience lies at the root of all good government. The organization of the Army, from bottom to top, embodies this principle. "Do as you're told, and don't argufy," might be accepted as its motto—a curious and significant outcome this of our ultra-democratic age. The General is Commander-in-Chief; below him is his eldest son, who is Chief of the Staff, and his various sons and daughters, who are in command of the Army operating in Europe, Asia, and America. Around the General, who may be regarded as a kind of military archbishop, is his staff of Commissioners, and under them are divisional officers, each of whom is charged with the oversight and direction of the corps encamped in his district. Over each corps there is a captain, who is usually assisted by one or more lieutenants. All these are paid officers, their salaries running from 15s. a week up to £3, which I believe is the highest salary paid in the Army. General Booth has never received any money out of the Army funds. He has never even drawn a salary. He has been otherwise provided for. The familiar story that he is making a fortune out of the Army is a lie more idiotic than most lies. The Army accounts are regularly audited by a first-class firm of London accountants, and their balance-sheet is published with punctuality every year.

AT HEADQUARTERS.

I had prepared for me a section of the busy hive, 101, Queen Victoria Street, but the pressure upon my space prevents its reproduction here. I will, therefore, merely throw into a tabulated form the arrangement of the departments:—

THE GENERAL.

THE CHIEF OF STAFF.



The officers at Headquarters are the General, the Chief of Staff, the Secretaries of Affairs, the Commissioners of Territory, the Chief Secretary and the Field Secretary. Under them come the 220 Divisional Officers, of whom 46 are in this country, the District Officers, who are a kind of suffragans, and then we come down to the Captains of Corps. The local organization is explained hereafter.

THE STAFF OFFICERS.

Of the Commissioners who may be regarded as the Staff of the Army, there are seven outside the family. I give six of their portraits here, reserving that of Mr. Commissioner Smith for next number. Mr. Frank Smith, is at present the most conspicuous of the Commissioners. He is at the head of the social wing

of the Army, and at the moment of writing he has the honour of being in gaol. The Apostolic succession of the prison fails not, nor, it would seem, does Bow Street ever lack lineal descendants of Caiaphas, or Scotland Yard the heirs of the men of Belial, whose false witness robbed Naboth both of his vineyard and his life.

The future historian will revel in the exquisite irony of the paradox by which, at the very moment when a scheme is being launched for the solution of the social question, which is the despair of governments, the Metropolitan Police—with the applause, of course, of the *Times*—claps into gaol, upon a trumped-up pretext arising out of an insane interdict on a procession, one of the leading spirits in the new departure.

The first of the Commissioners, Mr. Railton, now in charge of the Army in Germany, is a man whose labours in America and in Europe recall the stories of the most devoted of the founders of the great religious orders. He has been with the Army from the first, and has contributed enormously by his literary ability as well by his extraordinary devotional force to the extension of its work, especially outside the United Kingdom.

THE ENROLMENT OF RECRUITS.

In every corps there are a certain number of soldiers who are duly enrolled—"sworn in," the phrase is—and who sign the articles of war. Over them ought to be eight unpaid non-commissioned officers, whose duties are sufficiently onerous. When a man, or woman, repents of his sins, and expresses a desire to lead a new life, he becomes what is technically known as a "prisoner"—captured in full fight from the army of the devil. If he declares himself penitent, and finds peace in believing that God receives, forgives, and loves him, and that he does all that just now, he is made to stand up and testify there and then. They have small faith in a change of life when a man is ashamed publicly to avow himself on the Lord's side. The name and address of the prisoner is taken down by the penitent-form sergeant on Form A, which is then passed on to the ward-sergeant. In every town each district is divided into wards, and over each is placed a Salvation soldier, who is dubbed sergeant, and held responsible for looking after all prisoners in his district. If the war sergeant reports that he is satisfied with a particular captive, his report

goes to the convert's sergeant-major, who, if satisfied, endorses it, and the prisoner is then entered in the Cartridge Book as a recruit, is treated by the captain as a soldier, and set to work immediately. "All at it, and always at it," is the watchword of the Army, and if a man says he is saved, he is not believed unless he will actively set about saving others.

THE ENLISTMENT OF A SOLDIER.

After the recruit has been on the Cartridge Book for four weeks, during which time he has been visited by the ward-sergeant, and constantly on duty under the eye of the captain, his application to be enrolled as a full private comes before the Census Meeting. This is composed of the captain, treasurer, secretary, sergeant-major, and

converts sergeant-major. They decide whether or not the recruit shall, after his four weeks' probation, be enlisted. If the reports are satisfactory he is allowed to sign Articles of War. These articles are 16 in number. The first eight are theological, and cover the usual topics enumerated in the creeds of Churches. The possibility of falling from grace, the possibility of entire sanctification, are affirmed, together with the doctrines common to all Christian creeds. "I do hereby declare my full determination, by God's help, to be a true soldier of the Army till I die," is one pledge. Another is, "I do here, and now and for ever, renounce the world and all its sinful pleasures, companionships, treasures, and objects."

Article 10 prescribes absolute teetotalism, and abstinence from the habitual use of opium, laudanum, morphia, and all other baneful drugs. Other articles provide for the disuse of profane language, for strict honesty, and absolute obedience. Article 13 is worth quoting in full:—

I do here declare that I will never treat any woman, child, or other person, whose life, comfort, or happiness may be placed within my power, in an oppressive, cruel, or cowardly manner, but that I will protect such from evil and danger, so far as I can, and promote, to the utmost of my ability, their present welfare and eternal salvation.

The articles being signed, the soldier is duly enrolled, and becomes a full private.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Each corps has, when fully constituted, the following local officers: Treasurer, secretary, sergeant-major of the corps, convert's sergeant-major, band master, band sergeant, sergeants of wards or brigades, corporals, colour-sergeant, bandsmen, together with junior soldiers' sergeant-major, sergeants, corporals, and other similar officers.

The duties of each local officer are explained in the order-books, specially prepared for them, and each one before appointment signs a bond in which he engages to be a model of good conduct, uniform wearing, and devotion to the War. None of these are at liberty to use tobacco or to attend services not connected with their own corps, without the permission of their captain. They are appointed for twelve months.

(a) The treasurer has the custody of all the financial matters connected with the corps.

(b) The secretary is responsible for the oversight of the corps accounts.

(c) The corps sergeant-major is the chief officer for spiritual work next to the officers.

PENITENT-FORM SERGEANT.

(d) Whatever may be the size of a corps, at least one male and one female sergeant is appointed to attend to the penitent-form, or mercy-seat, whose duty it is to deal with the penitents that come there seeking salvation.

(e) The colour-sergeant is responsible for carrying the colours.

Of the ward-sergeant I have already spoken.

All soldiers are free to offer themselves as candidates for officership. They must pass a very exhaustive examination as to character and standing, and if approved they are admitted to the training home, and after a time sent into the field.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND THEIR PROMOTION.

Promotion is governed by the following rules:—

Forms are filled in weekly by the sergeant-major and treasurer, and a similar form filled in by himself. There is also a financial statement sent up once a month, which is signed by the treasurer, secretary, and captain. These figures are sent to the divisional office, and are entered into the statistical books. They are totalled and averaged by

the divisional secretary there, and an exact copy of the averages for each corps sent monthly to International headquarters, and upon these figures the officers' work is judged. Should he prove faithful, successful, energetic, and show evidences of a capacity to fill a more responsible position the divisional officer sends a form up to International headquarters proposing his promotion; his figures are then examined, his success in soul-saving, making soldiers, raising money, and attracting congregations, is critically valued. If the examination is satisfactory he is promoted to the rank of ensign or adjutant, and becomes a member of the staff of the Salvation Army. He is then appointed A.D.C., second in command of a division for a time, or as divisional officer over a small division.

According as his capacities develop, he is promoted next to the rank of staff captain, then to the ranks of major, brigadier, or colonel. The highest position to which he can attain in the army is that of commissioner.

CONCLUSION.

I have no space left in which to describe the system of weekly reports and the elaborate arrangements made, against any abuse of authority. Neither can I describe the judicial system of trial by court martial which prevails in all serious cases of indiscipline. The best proof of the soundness of the principles on which the Army is constituted is the extraordinary rapidity with which it has grown, and the utter failure of all attempts on the part of mutinous or broken officers to run rival Armies. There have been fewer "splits" than in any ordinary organization where the principle of authority is not recognized, and the few desertions which have taken place have come to nothing. The Army is now a great and substantial fact. Our wise men and journalists who have superciliously treated it as if it were a mere street nuisance, will wake up some day to discover how richly they deserve to be addressed "Ye fools and blind!" Here, at our very doors, palpitating with rude and vigorous life, stands the latest incarnation of the same enthusiasm which saved society when the Roman Empire went down as much beneath the weight of its own vices as before the crash of the barbarian invasion. Here is the same phenomenon which we spend our lives in studying when the spirit has departed, and only the husk remains. The devout among us read the Acts of the Apostles, who are dead and buried these nineteen centuries; but these Acts of the new Apostles of our time—these, forsooth, are of no interest.

Yet those who study the early history of Christendom most sympathetically have been the first to recognize the significance of the work with which the name of the Booths is most closely identified. It was the late Bishop Lightfoot who declared that "the Salvation Army has at least recalled us to the lost ideal of the work of the Church, the universal compulsion of the souls of men." For my own part, I must say frankly that it was the Salvation Army that first made the Acts of the Apostles a living, palpable, conceivable reality to me, just as it was "The True History of Joshua Davidson" first helped me to understand the actuality of the life of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

I end as I began. The decision to employ the Salvation Army, with all its trained officers and disciplined soldiers, in a serious, practical attempt to deal with the question of unemployed labour and the amelioration of the conditions of life among the poor, is the most hopeful fact of our time. No one who reads General Booth's book can venture to assert that the Age of Faith has passed; and, while the Age of Faith remains, the Age of Miracles is still with us.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.

From the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for November, 1890.

MRS. BOOTH has been laid to rest amid demonstrations of popular reverence almost unparalleled in our time. The business of the City stood still while the Army Mother was borne to her grave. And beneath the cold and yellow fog which

blinded and blurred the spectacle, that great procession testified to all who saw it of the reality and the power of the new Religious Order that is the latest birth of the enthusiasms, and the faiths, and the sympathies of our time.

Mrs. Booth's worn-out shell, that had once encased that unconquerable soul, was laid away amid the chill and gloom as of a November fog. Mrs. Booth herself passed away in the light and warmth of an Indian summer. She died rejoicing in the assured conviction that at last better times were about to dawn for the poor, the suffering, and the down-trodden, and, amid the pangs of the fiery death which consumed her vitals, she exulted in the thought that the Salvation Army was to lead the way. This was to her the very benediction of God. I well remember the last time I spoke with her. It was at the close of one of those glorious days which the belated summer of this year had kept back till September. The sun had gone down in the west, but from the window of the sick room you could still see the crimson splendour along the western horizon. It was Sunday. All the morning I had been reading the last batch of the MSS. of the General's book, and I was buoyant with the life of a great new hope. Mrs. Booth was very weak and ill, her voice, at first, being scarcely audible. I told her of the confidence with which the General's scheme inspired me, and the new radiance that glowed before me in the future. "That word," I said,

"will echo all round the world. Its influence for good, its effect upon others far beyond the ranks of the Army will be quite incalculable. I rejoice with an exceeding great joy." "And I," said Mrs. Booth, "and I most of all. Thank God, thank God!"

I said little about Mrs. Booth last month because I intended to say much about her in describing the book which gives practical shape to one of the strongest aspirations of her life. Her death has brought that so much to light that there is no need for me to labour the point. All that I need say is that the General would be the first to admit that his wife saw the truth before he saw it, and that in this, as in so many other things, his best has been but an attempt to realize her thoughts, and to give her the desire of her soul.

It is very interesting to note the genesis of the new scheme. As General Booth tells us in the book, he has been familiar from childhood with the strugglings of the suffering poor, and has consecrated his life to their service, but the development of the social side of his aspiration for their welfare is comparatively of recent origin. During the early years when the Salvation Army was struggling into existence, the only way it seemed possible for him to help the destitute was by inspiring them with a new faith, and by

saving their souls to implant in them a principle which would enable them to change their circumstances. It was not until the close of 1887, at the time of Trafalgar Square, that the absolute necessity of doing something more began to force itself upon the General's mind, at the same time that the growth of the Army supplied him with potent means for giving effect to his benevolent desires. Mr. Commissioner Smith, now in



MRS. BOOTH.

From Photo. by]

[Elliott and Fry.

charge of the Social Wing of the Army, was in 1887 a member of the committee of the Law and Liberty League. He thought the organization of the Salvation Army might be more extensively used to carry out a scheme of social regeneration. The General, however, did not then see his way clear to take so startling a new departure. He admitted the need for action, and began, as his wont is, with practical experiments. He opened the Food and Shelter Depôts and instituted the Slum Brigade. Both of these steps were regarded with grave misgivings by some members of the Army, but the General's authority sufficed to carry them through. The General, however, was uneasy, and he summoned a Council of War at Headquarters to see whether anything more could not be done. Some said one thing and some another, and nothing practical was arrived at. As the General continued thinking upon the necessity of doing something more practical, he felt drawn more and more to making some attempt to find work for the out of works. About this time he heard of a small co-operative association or co-partnership on the part of some converted thieves who had been saved at the Shelters. He sent for the men and the seven ex-thieves came to see him. Their simple story in describing their deliverance from a life of crime, and their fraternal efforts to help each other, filled the General with a new hope. He began to elaborate his scheme for what he calls the Poor Man's Métropole, which is fully developed in his book. The success of the slum work, and the experience acquired by the various Shelters, operated as a constantly increasing force in the same direction. At this juncture someone lent him Herbert Mills' Book on "Home Colonization," which impressed him immensely. Here it seemed to him was daylight. But when he saw Mr. Mills and heard from him that the scheme must be tried with the pick of the labouring class, and that it would require £25,000 to settle 200 families on the land, he felt that this way of escape was barred. Another book about this time fell into his hands, Mr. Rees' "From Poverty to Plenty," with its suggestions of colonization over sea. With its aid he devised the threefold key to the enigma. First, your Métropole; secondly, your Home Colony; thirdly, your Colony Over Sea. This threefold mode of dealing with the submerged tenth seemed to him to open the way out. The more he thought about it and talked about it the more was he convinced that here and here alone lay the hope of society. But before making any formal proclamation of his programme,

he decided to begin practical operations on a small scale; and Frank Smith having returned from America, was restored in active service and given charge of the Social Wing, where he has remained ever since. The successful operations of the Social Wing supplied the last link in the chain, and General Booth then set to work to bring out the book with which all England is ringing to-day.

THE DIFFICULTY BEFORE GENERAL BOOTH.

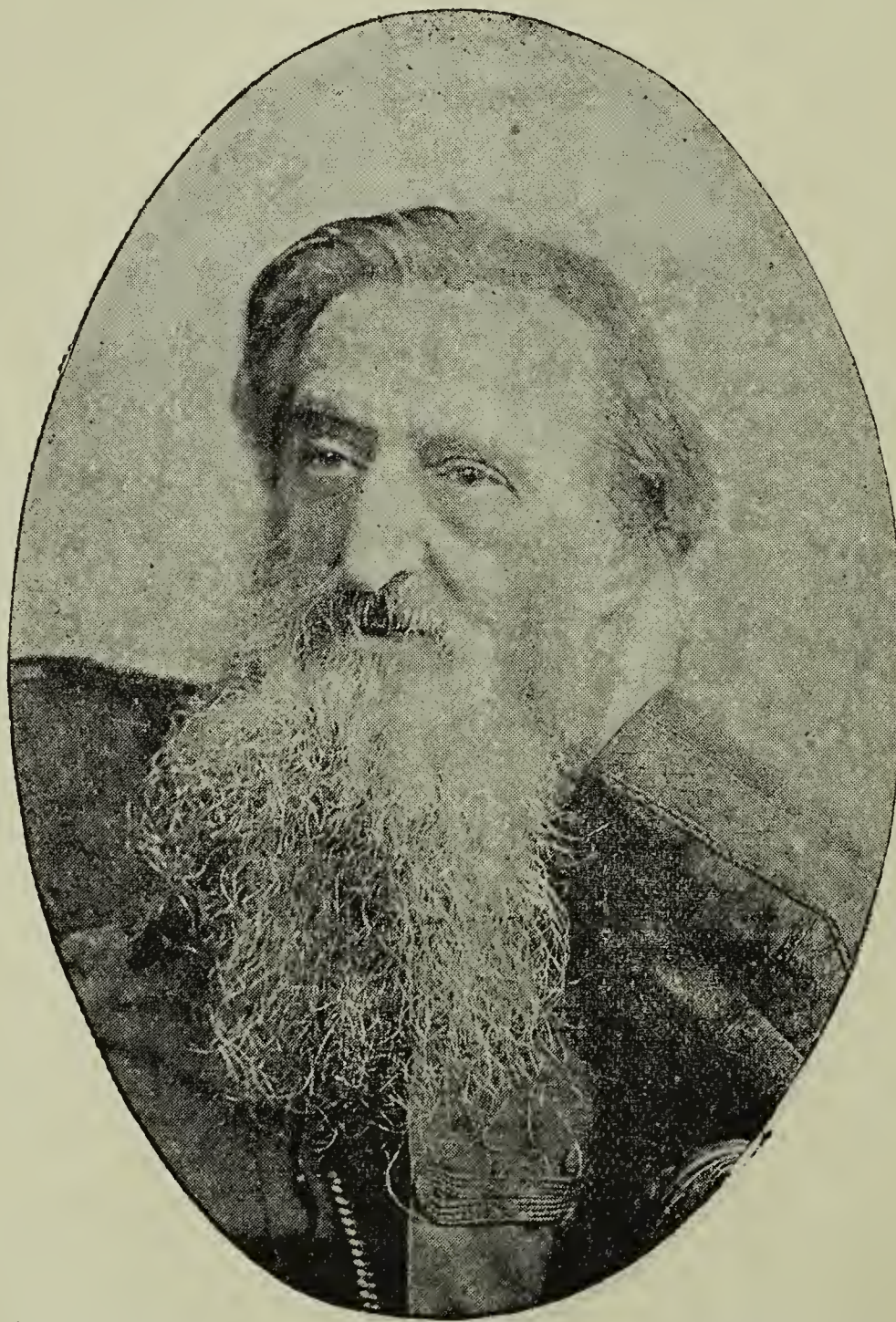
General Booth's difficulty will be not with money but with men. To carry out the immensely diversified and multifarious departments which he suggests would require a much more highly-specialized intelligence than human society has yet developed. What he says of our large cities, that their material growth has destroyed their nervous organization, so it is to be feared that nothing short of a miracle will enable the Salvation Army or any other body of men to cope successfully with the enormous congeries of complicated problems which

are involved in the social question. Still the Salvation Army has accomplished so much out of so little, it has made so many bricks without straw, that it may achieve a similar success in any sphere. Certainly the organization of an Intelligence Department and the management of a Colony seem to be enterprises demanding less of the miracle than the conversion of habitual drunkards into teetotal missionaries, and the transformation of a drunken prostitute into a missionary of the Cross.

In any case General Booth's book will rouse strange echoes in the heart of man. Is it, then, possible to save our brothers? And can this world be made somewhat more of a home to those that live therein? The very incredulity with which these questions are heard is the best measure of the extent to which we have let ourselves drift away from faith, either in God or in man. Here, at least, we have a man with a heart all fiery and warm with love for his fellow men, with an eye to see and a will to dare, if so be that opportunity is

offered him. As I read the pages of this epoch-making book I recall the conversation which I had many years ago with Mr. Carlyle.

"What should one do," I asked the old philosopher, "what should one do in this age of ballot-boxes and of Parliaments, when there seems nothing to be done excepting to carry elections and secure the return of Parliamentary majorities for one side or the other?"



From Photo. by]

[Elliott and Fry.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Mr. Carlyle said, "Wait, let those of you who have eyes to see that this kind of thing is bad and false, hold yourselves apart from it all."

Now, having said this much by way of preface to explain how it was the book came to be written, and to indicate those who may be regarded as having been the spiritual progenitors of the new departure, I turn to the book itself, and lay before my readers the following summary of its contents.

The General calls his book "In Darkest England, and the Way Out;" because in reading Stanley's description of the immense forest of equatorial Africa, he was impressed by the similarity between the condition of the pigmies and cannibals of the Congo and that of the homeless, helpless, destitute, who drag out a miserable existence in the midst of civilization. Readers of this Review may remember that the same parallel between civilization and the primeval forests had already occurred to a French writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS TO KNOW.

Approaching this book, the reader naturally asks three questions: What does General Booth propose to do? How does he propose to do it? And how much will it cost? These questions can easily be answered. General Booth proposes that a serious practical effort should be made to improve the conditions of the lost classes of the community. He proposes to do it by the development and extension of the agencies already in operation on a small scale in the social work of the Salvation Army, and he calculates that he can get the scheme fairly to work if he has £100,000 down, and an assured income of £30,000 a year to follow. Such, in brief, bald language, is the answer to the three questions of the general reader. To which the general reader will either respond that it is hopeless trying to do anything more than mere tinkering in the old, old way at the outside of the great problem of destitution, vice, and crime, or that nothing can be done unless there is a total reconstruction of society. He will further aver that it is news to him that the Salvation Army has done anything beyond conducting an aggressive revivalistic campaign having as its ends the conversion of souls. And, thirdly, he will either doubt the possibility of doing anything serious with so small a sum, or he will shake his head and declare that it is impossible to raise so large an income for the working of any scheme of social regeneration. Such will be the attitude of almost every person outside the circle of the Salvation Army who picks up General Booth's book. I do not think I say too much when I say it will not be the attitude of ten per cent. after they have read from cover to cover the most remarkable volume that has been issued from the press this year.

A UNIQUE BOOK.

It is a book that stands by itself. In one sense it may be said that there is nothing new in it. That many men are miserable, that it is the duty of all calling themselves by the name of Christian, to do their utmost to save their perishing brethren, and that if they set about the task in earnest, certain well-known methods will have to be resorted to; all this is familiar enough. Neither can it be said that the spirit of exalted enthusiasm which breathes in every page of the book is one which appears for the first time in the writings of General Booth. It is on the contrary the abiding evidence of the presence of the Divine Spirit in men, which has never failed in this world since "the first man stood God-conquered, with his face to heaven upturned." But

the unique character of the book arises from the combination of all these elements, with others which have never hitherto been united even within the covers of a single volume. There is a buoyant enthusiasm in every page, a sanguine optimism at which the youngest among us might marvel, combined with a familiar acquaintance with the saddest and darkest phenomena of existence. The book deals with problems, which of all others are most calculated to appal, and overwhelm the mind with the sense of desolation and despair, yet it is instinct throughout with a joyous hope and glowing confidence. General Booth, face to face with the devil, still believes in God.

A MIRACLE OF THE BURNING BUSH.

Another distinctive feature of the book is the extent to which it combines the shrewdest and most practical business capacity with the most exalted religious enthusiasm. The fanatic is usually regarded as somewhat of a fool; no one can read this book through and think that General Booth has the least deficiency in practical capacity, in shrewd common sense and enormous knowledge of men. From one point of view it is easy to be a saint, and it is easy to be a man of the world; the difficulty is to combine the two qualities, the cunning of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. There is nothing of the naïve and guileless innocence of a cloistered virtue in the book, but though the serpent is very cunning his wiliness and craftiness co-exist with a simple enthusiasm of humanity which is very marvellous to behold. When we read General Booth's expressions of confidence in the salvability of mankind and note the intrepid audacity with which he sallies forth like another David to attack the huge Goliath who threatens the hosts of our modern Israel, and remember that he is no mere shepherd boy fresh from the fold, but one who for forty years of his life has lived and laboured in an atmosphere saturated with emanations from every form of human vice and wretchedness, then we feel somewhat as did Moses when he stood before the burning bush, "and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed."

THOMAS CARLYLE REDIVIVUS.

It is impossible not to be impressed by the parallel and at the same time by the contrast between General Booth's book and the latter day prophecies of Mr. Carlyle. For forty years and more Mr. Carlyle prophesied unto the men of his generation, proclaiming in accents of deep earnestness, tinged, however, by a bitter despair, what should be done if we were not utterly to perish. I remember the bitterness with which he told me, while the shadows of the dark valley were gathering round him, that when he wrote his whole soul out in "Latter Day Pamphlets," and delivered to the public that which he believed to be the very truth and inner secret of all things, his message was flouted, and "it was currently reported," said he, with grim resentment "it was currently reported that I had written them under the influence of too much whiskey." Now, however, another prophet has arisen with practically the same gospel, but with oh, how different a setting! In Mr. Carlyle's books, his prophetic message shines out lurid as from the back ground of thunder-cloud amid the gloom as of an eclipse heralded by portents of ruin and decay. Here "In Darkest England and the Way Out" there is a brightness and a gladness as of a May day sunrise. Infinite hope bubbles up in every page, and in every chapter there is a calm confidence which comes from the experience of one who in sixty years of troubled life can

say with full assurance "I know in whom I have believed." That is not the only contrast between the two. Mr. Carlyle, as befitted the philosopher in his study, contented himself with writing in large characters of livid fire, "This is the way, walk ye in it"; but the generation scoffed and walked elsewhere. General Booth, equally with Mr. Carlyle writes up in characters so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot help reading it, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But he does more. He himself offers to lead the van. "This is the way," he declares, "I will lead you along it, follow me!"

CATHOLICITY— SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Another distinctive characteristic of this book is its extraordinary catholicity. In this respect I know no book like it that has appeared in our time. While declaring with passionate conviction in the truth and necessity of the gospel which the Salvation Army preaches, there is not one word of intolerance from the first page to the last. It is easy to be broad when there is no intensity of conviction. The liberality of indifference is one of the most familiar phenomena of the day. But General Booth is broad without being shallow, and his liberalism certainly cannot be attributed to indifference. He is as earnest as John the Baptist, for now and then the aboriginal preacher reappears crying aloud, Jonah-like, messages calling men to flee from the wrath to come. But no broad churchman of our time, from Dean Stanley downwards, could display a more catholic spirit to all fellow workers in the great harvest field, which is white unto the harvest, but where the labourers are so few. This spirit he displays not only in the religious field, but what is still more remarkable, he carries it into the domain of social experiment. The old

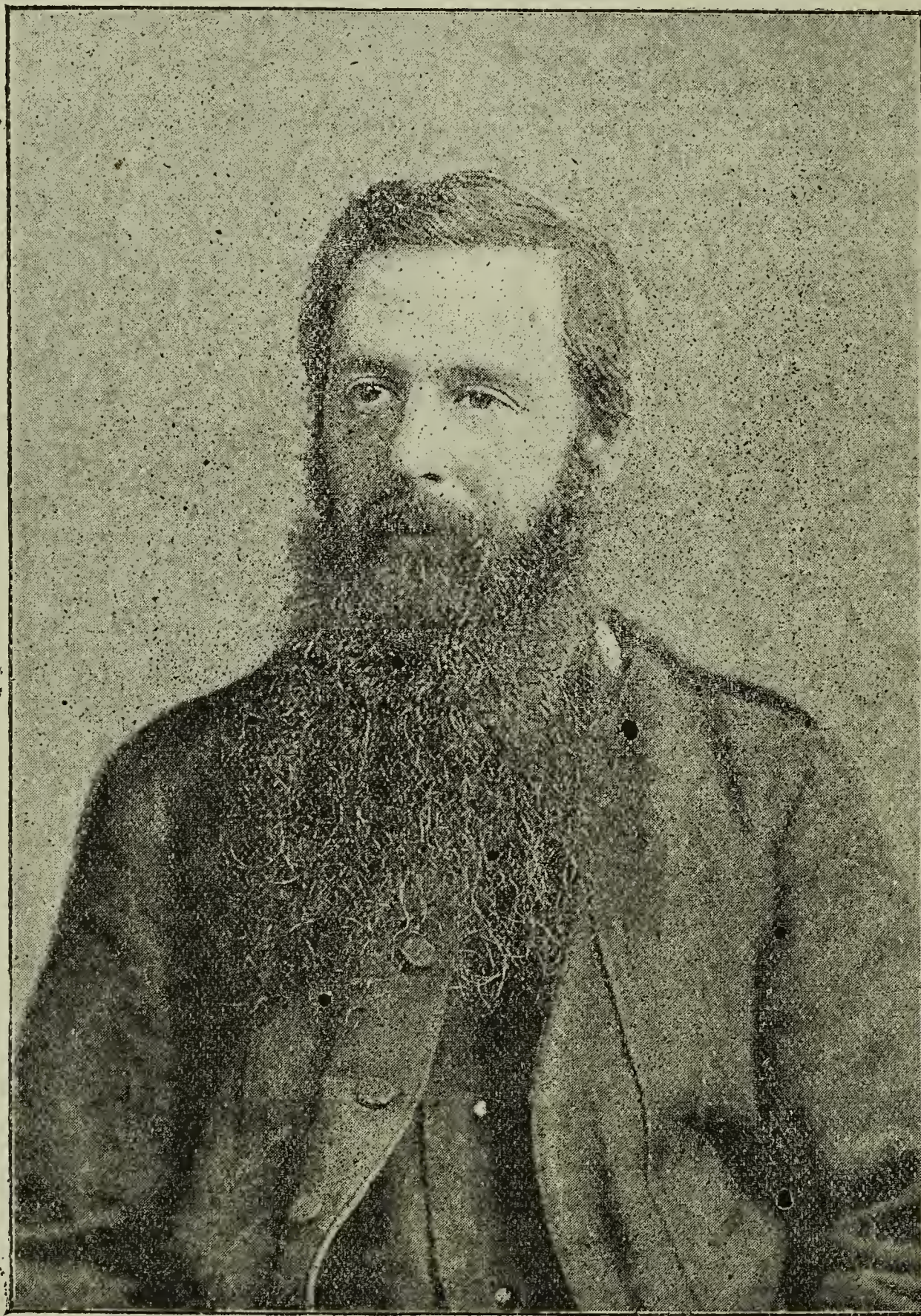
intolerance and fierce hatred which raged in the churches at many great crises in the history of the world is with us still, but it is no longer in religious dress. The rival sects of socialists hate each other and contend with each other with a savagery which recalls the worst days of the early church. Every man has got his own favourite short cut to Utopia, and he damns all those who do not work therein with the unhesitating assurance of an Athanasius. Hence catholicity is much more needed and much more

rarely found in the domain of social economics than in that of religious polemics. General Booth, as befits a practical man, is supremely indifferent to any particular fad, and constructs his scheme on the principle of selecting every proposal which seems to have stuff in it, or is calculated to do any good to suffering humanity. The socialist, the individualist, the political economist, the advocate of emigration, and all social reformers will find what is best in their own particular schemes incorporated in General Booth's schemes. He claims no originality, he disclaims all prejudice even in favour of his own scheme. His suggestions, he says, seem for the moment the most practicable, but he is ready, he tells us with un-

compromising frankness, to abandon them to-morrow if anyone can show him a better way.

A TEACHABLE PROPHET.

Another extraordinary characteristic of the book is its combination of supreme humility with what the enemy might describe as overweening arrogance. The General's confidence in himself and his men is superb. Not Hildebrand, in the height of his power, or Mahommed, at the moment when he was launching the armies which offered to the world Islam or the sword, showed himself



[From Photo. by]

MR. W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

[Elliott and Fry, Baker St.]

more supremely possessed with the confidence of his providential mission than does General Booth in his book. "For this end was I created, to this work was I called, all my life has been a preparation to fit me for its accomplishment." While thus speaking with the confidence of a man who feels himself charged with a divine mission, General Booth displays a humility and a teachableness that is as beautiful as it is rare. Over and over again he deplores his lack of knowledge and the insufficiency of his experience, and admits that his most elaborate proposals may be vitiated by some flaw or some defect which will make itself only too apparent when they get into action. So far from being determined to thrust his scheme as a panacea down the throats of reluctant humanity he appeals to all those who may differ from him not to stand idly cavilling at his proposals, but to produce something better of their own, assuring them that he will be only too glad to carry out to the best of his ability any scheme which will do more for the benefit of the lapsed classes than his own.

A SHIFTY AND RESOURCEFUL MARINER.

General Booth shows himself in the capacity of a bold and shifty mariner who has been ordered to take a ship filled with precious cargo across a stormy and rock-strewn ocean to a distant port. Quicksands abound, cross currents continually threaten to carry the ship from her course, the wind shifts from point to point, now rising to a hurricane and then dying away to a dead calm. But alike by night and day, whether the sky be black with clouds, or bright with radiant sunshine, in the teeth of the wind or in a favourable gale, he presses forward to his distant haven. He will tack to the right or to the left, availing himself to the utmost of every favourable current and every passing breeze, supremely indifferent to all accusations of inconsistency, or of deviating from the straight line from the port which he left to the port which he is bound, if so he can get the quicker and the more safely to his goal. Hitherto General Booth has practically been in the condition of a Captain who relied solely on his boilers to make his voyage. "Get up steam, make the heart right, keep the furnace fires going, and drive ahead through the darkness regardless of a lowering tempest or of the swift rushing current which sweeps you from your course." This book proclaims his decision in favour of adopting a less reckless and more practical mode of navigation. While his reliance is still placed on the inner central fire he will not disdain to utilise the currents, the tides, and the winds which will make it easier for his straining boilers and untiring screw to forge its way across the sea.

The book is interesting in itself as a book, but of the bookmaking part of it it is absurd to speak. You might as well speak of the rivets and the paint, in describing the performance of a Cunarder, as to speak of the literary merits or demerits of this book. As a piece of actuality, full of life and force, it comes to us in paper and ink and between two covers; but the vehicle of its presentation is as indifferent as the quality of the boards in which it is bound. The supreme thing is not the form but the substance, and to that I will now turn without further preface.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN SOCIETY AND THE FOREST.

General Booth starts from the analogy, which is a fertile and fruitful one, between the equatorial forest and the submerged classes of society. Another writer has already drawn the parallel.

M. Eugene Simon, in the *Nouvelle Revue*, describing

"Western Civilization from a Chinese Point of View," speaking by the mouth of a Chinese philosopher, Fanta-gen, describes the great forests of Laos, which divide China from Tonkin, and declares that they afford only too exact an image of Western civilization.

The gigantic trees which tower through the dense undergrowth are like the nobles and capitalists of Europe. The roots which feed these favourites of fortune are stretched out as greedily as the giant roots of the banyan trees. They have palaces, they have villages, they have entire towns. It is by their means and for them that the greater number of immense public works are accomplished. . . . And thus they seem to be the only dispensers of the benefits due to the discoveries of science—that is to collectivity. All force and all life reside in them. Like the kings of the forest, they are the kings of Western Society. This, at least, is the impression produced by Western society at a distance. But near at hand? Ah, near at hand the Chinese sage discovers that it is not only in splendour that the simile of the forest holds. The masses who work in the shade of the great kings are too often like the undergrowth of the forest. "They are to be met by millions in the factories and mines, these victims with human faces—men, women, young girls, children—pale, sickly, famished, like the half-nourished plants of the forest of Laos, which live without the vital juices of the earth, without air, without light, and die without having been once called in their short life to enjoy the beneficent warmth of a ray of sun."

The parallel is well worked out. We have our slave raiders in the sweaters, our cannibals who live upon each other, our dehumanised pigmies, our industrious toilers who lose all faith that the world can ever be anything but a vast, steaming malarious overgrowth shutting out the light of day, and therefore shutting out the light of God.

ATHEISM MADE EASY.

The injustice of our social arrangements, General Booth declares, is to the mass of men Atheism made easy. It is here as it was in the equatorial forest, where Dr. Kraff tells us that one of the pigmy tribes had some notion of a Supreme Being, to whom, under the name of Yer, they sometimes addressed prayers in moments of sadness or terror. In these prayers they say, "Oh, Yer, if Thou dost really exist, why dost Thou let us be slaves? We ask not for food or clothing, for we live on snakes, ants, and mice. Thou hast made us, wherefore dost Thou let us be trodden down?"

General Booth describes the sacrifice of girls which goes on in the midst of our Christian civilization, and asks whether the lot of a negress in Central Africa is much worse than that of a girl driven into vice by the menace of her employers or employer, compelled to sin to live, and then cast out into the streets, where General Booth says:—

There, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by Humanity and outcast from God, she is far nearer the heart of the One true Saviour than all the men who forced her down, aye, and than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their very eyes. The blood boils with impotent rage at the sight of these enormities, callously inflicted, and silently borne by these miserable victims. Nor is it only women who are the victims, although their fate is the most tragic. Those firms which reduce sweating to a fine art, who systematically and deliberately defraud the workman of his pay, who grind the faces of the poor, and who rob the widow and the orphan, and who for a pretence make great professions of public spirit and philanthropy, these men nowadays are sent to Parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to Hell—but we have changed all that. They send their victims to Hell, and are rewarded by all that wealth can do to make their lives

comfortable. Read the House of Lords' Report on the Sweating System, and ask if any African slave system, making due allowance for the superior civilization and therefore sensitiveness of the victims, reveals more misery. Darkest England, like Darkest Africa, reeks with malaria. The foul and fetid breath of our slums is almost as poisonous as that of the African swamp. Fever is as chronic there as in the Equator.

WHO ARE THE SUBMERGED TENTH?

Who, then, are the dwellers in Darkest England? They are those whom General Booth describes as the Lost. But who are the Lost?

I reply, not in a religious, but in a social sense, the Lost are those who have gone under, who have lost their foothold in society, those to whom the prayer to our Heavenly Father, "Give us day by day our daily bread," is either unfulfilled, or only fulfilled by the Devil's agency: by the earnings of vice, the proceeds of crime, or the contribution which the rate collector enforces by the threat of gaol.

But I will be more precise. The denizens in Darkest England, for whom I appeal, are (1) those who in a month would all be dead from sheer starvation were they exclusively dependent upon the money earned by their own work, or which they receive as interest or profit upon their capital or their property, and (2) those who by their utmost exertions are unable to attain the minimum allowance of food which the law prescribes as indispensable even for the worst criminals in our gaols.

In attempting to take a census of the number of persons who may be regarded as coming under his category, General Booth comes to the conclusion that there are about three millions in Great Britain, which is about a tenth of the population. If you take the paupers, indoor and outdoor, the prostitutes, the criminals, the homeless, and the out-of-works, you will find that there are three millions of human beings, whom the General calls the submerged tenth, to whom civilization has been a failure, and who are in circumstances which predispose

them to atheism and all the evils which spring from the loss of faith in the righteous governance of the universe. A certain number of these three millions is already cared for by the State or by charity in one form or another. By eliminating all these to which society has in some way fulfilled its responsibility, there remains a residual million, who are the out-of-works, the unemployed, the prostitutes, the habitual drunkards, and their children. General Booth asks about this million:—

Is anything to be done with them? Can anything be done for them? Or is this million-headed mass to be regarded as offering a problem as insoluble as that of London sewage, which, feculent and festering, swings heavily up and down the basin of the Thames with the ebb and flow of the tide? This submerged tenth, is it, then, beyond the reach of the nine-tenths in the midst of whom they live, and around whose homes they rot and die?

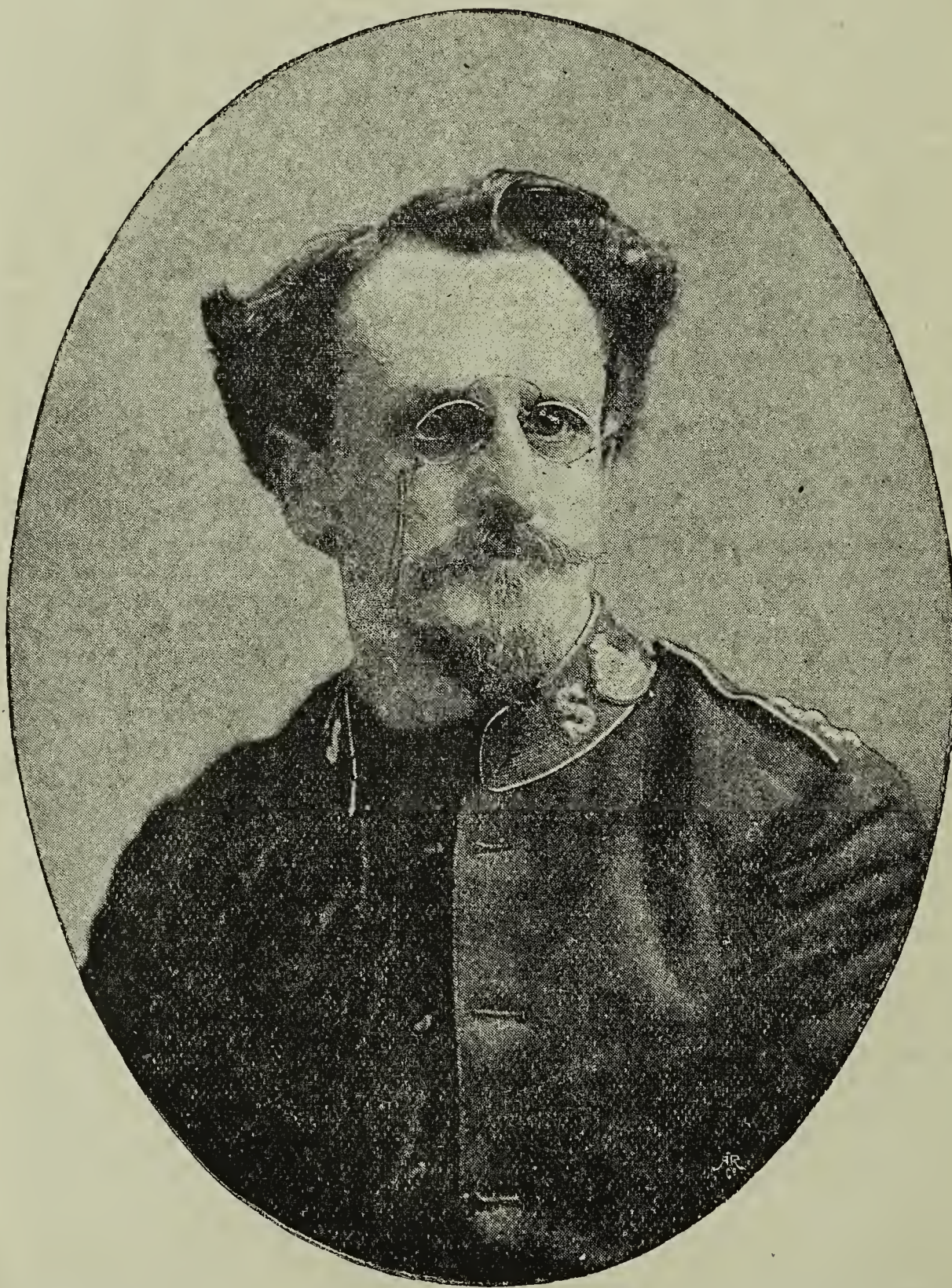
THOSE WHO ARE DAMNED INTO THE WORLD.

General Booth shudders while he admits that the more forbidding doctrines of Calvinism should have been to some extent rehabilitated by the favourite scientific doctrines of our day. He says:—

The doctrine of Heredity and the suggestion of Automatism come perilously near re-establishing, on scientific bases, the useful doctrine of Reprobation which has cast so terrible a shadow over the Christian Church. For thousands upon thousands of these poor wretches are, as

Bishop South truly said, "not so much born into this world as damned into it." The bastard of a harlot, born in a brothel, suckled on gin, and familiar from earliest infancy with all the bestialities of debauch, violated before she was twelve, and driven out into the streets by her mother a year or two later, what chance is there for such a girl in this world—I say nothing about the next?

But General Booth rejects the gospel of despair in its quasi-scientific dress as resolutely as he did when it disguised itself under the authority of religion. His religious faith comes to the rescue. He says:—



From a Photo. by]

COMMISSIONER SMITH.
(Since resigned.)

[London Stereoscopic Company.]

There is no gainsaying the immensity of the problems. It is appalling enough to make man despair. But those who do not put their trust in man alone, but in One who is Almighty, have no right to despair. To despair is to lose faith; to despair is to forget God. Without God we can do nothing in this frightful chaos of human misery. But with God we can do all things, and in the faith that He has made in His image all the children of men we face even this hideous wreckage of humanity with a cheerful confidence that if we are but faithful to our own high calling He will not fail to open up a way of deliverance.

I have nothing to say against those who are endeavouring to open up a way of escape without any consciousness of God's help. For them I feel only infinite sympathy and love. In so far as they are endeavouring to give bread to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and above all, work to the workless, they are to that extent endeavouring to do the will of our Father which is in Heaven, and woe be unto all those who say them nay. But to be orphaned of all sense of the Fatherhood of God is surely not a secret source of strength. It is in most cases—it would be in my own—the secret of paralysis. If I did not feel my Father's hand in the darkness, and hear His voice in the silence of the night watches bidding me put my hand to this thing, I would shrink back dismayed, but as it is I dare not.

SALVATION FOR ALL, NOT ONLY FOR THE ELECT.

The same spirit leads him to reject all schemes of social regeneration that are only applicable to a limited number. No limited scheme of salvation will satisfy him, he rejects all proposals that will only apply to the aristocracy of the miserable:—

It is the thrifty, the industrious, the sober, the thoughtful who can take advantage of these plans. But the thrifty, the industrious, the sober, and the thoughtful are already very well able for the most part to take care of themselves. No one will ever make even a visible dint on the morass of squalor who does not deal with the unthrifty, the drunken, the lazy, and the improvident. The Scheme of Social Salvation is not worth discussion which is not as wide as the Scheme of Eternal Salvation set forth in the Gospel. The glad tidings must be to every creature, not merely to an elect few who are to be saved while the mass of their fellows are predestined to a temporal damnation. We have had this doctrine of an inhuman cast-iron political economy too long enthroned amongst us. It is now time to fling down the false idol, and proclaim a Temporal Salvation as full, free, and universal, and with no other limitations than the "Whosoever will" of the Gospel. To attempt to save the lost, we must accept no limitations to human brotherhood. If the Scheme which I set forth in these and the following pages is not applicable to the Thief, the Harlot, the Drunkard, and the Sluggard, it may as well be dismissed without ceremony. As Christ came to call not the saints but sinners to repentance, so the New Message of Temporal Salvation, of salvation from pinching poverty, from rags and misery, can be offered to all.

WANTED, A SOCIAL LIFE BRIGADE.

He is equally opposed to those who would shrug their shoulders and lay the responsibility on the iron laws of political economy:—

Laissez faire, and the laws of supply and demand, and all the rest of the excuses by which those who stand on firm ground salve their conscience when they leave their brother to sink, how do they look when we apply them to the actual loss of life at sea? Does laissez faire man the lifeboat? Will the inexorable laws of political economy save the shipwrecked sailor from the boiling surf? They often enough are responsible for his disaster. Coffin ships are a direct result of the blessed policy of non-interference with the legitimate operations of commerce, but no desire to make it pay created the National Lifeboat Institution, no law of supply and demand actuates the volunteers who risk their lives to bring the shipwrecked to shore.

What we have to do is to apply the same principle to Society. We want a Social Lifeboat Institution, a Social Lifeboat Brigade to snatch from the abyss those who, if left to themselves, will perish as miserably as the crew of a ship that founders in mid-ocean.

BETTER KILL THEM THAN DO NOTHING.

He admits the difficulty of the task, but he roundly declares that it would be better to poison the million than to allow them to flounder on as they do at present. Here is the passage which will probably excite some discussion:—

When Napoleon was compelled to retreat under circumstances which rendered it impossible for him to carry off his sick and wounded, he ordered his doctors to poison every man in the hospital. A general has before now massacred his prisoners rather than allow them to escape. These lost ones are the Prisoners of Society; they are the sick and wounded in our hospitals. What a shriek would arise from the civilized world if it were proposed to administer to-night to every one of these millions such a dose of morphine that they would sleep to wake no more. But so far as they are concerned, would it not be much less cruel than to allow them to drag on day after day, year after year, in misery, anguish, and despair, driven into vice and hunted into crime, until at last disease harries them into the grave?

THE FIRST TASK OF ENFRANCHISED DEMOCRACY.

At the outset General Booth has to deal with those who consider he under-estimates the numbers to be dealt with. He says:—

To those who believe that the numbers of the wretched are far in excess of my figures, I have nothing to say, excepting this, that if the evil is so much greater than I have described, then let your efforts be proportioned to your estimate, not to mine. The great point with each of us is, not how many of the wretched exist to-day, but how few shall there exist in the years that are to come.

The dark and dismal jungle of pauperism, vice, and despair is the inheritance to which we have succeeded from the generations and centuries past, during which wars, insurrections, and internal troubles left our forefathers small leisure to attend to the well-being of the sunken tenth. Now that we have happened upon more fortunate times, let us recognise that we are our brother's keeper, and set to work, regardless of party distinctions and religious differences, to make this world of ours a little bit more like home for these whom we call our brethren.

Democracy having entered on its inheritance, must now proceed to put its home in order, as Lord Rosebery said, speaking at Glasgow, with General Booth's scheme in his eye; the politics of the future will be the politics of the poor man. While the toiler was struggling to obtain possession of power he could not concern himself with these questions which are coming up to-day. The householders enfranchised, in country and in town alike, must set about "making this world a little bit more like home" than it has hitherto been.

NOT TO ESTABLISH A UTOPIA.

What is then the immediate objective of the General? He tells us, quite truly, he is a practical man, and although sympathizing intensely with the aspirations which lie behind Socialist dreams, he cannot make the immediate inauguration of the millennium his practical objective. Speaking of Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and the Collectivists, he says:—

What these good people want to do, I also want to do, and if they can do it better their way than I can do it in my way, I shall be glad enough, for I am a practical man dealing with the actualities of to-day. I have no preconceived theories, and I flatter myself I am singularly free from prejudices. I am ready to sit at the feet of any who will

show me any good. I keep my mind open on all these subjects; and am quite prepared to hail with open arms any Utopia that is offered me. But it must be within range of my finger-tips. It is of no use to me if it is in the clouds. Cheques on the Bank of Futurity I accept gladly enough as a free gift, but I can hardly be expected to take them as if they were current coin, or to try to cash them at the Bank of England.

The religious cant, which rids itself of all the importunity of suffering humanity by drawing unnegotiable bills payable on the other side of the grave, is not more impracticable than the Socialistic clap-trap which postpones all redress of human suffering until after the general overturn. Both take refuge in the Future to escape a solution of the problems of the Present, and it matters little to the sufferers whether the future is on this side of the grave, or the other. Both are, for them, equally out of reach. When the sky falls we shall catch larks. No doubt. But in the meantime? It is the meantime that is the only time in which we have to work. It is in the meantime that the people must be fed, that their life's work must be done or left undone for ever. Nothing that I have to propose in this book or that I propose to do by my scheme will in the least prevent the coming of any of the Utopias. I leave the limitless infinite of the future to the Utopians. They may build there as they please. As for me, it is indispensable that whatever I do is founded on existing fact, and provides a present help for the actual need.

BUT TO SECURE THE CAB HORSE CHARTER FOR MAN.

What then is his ideal? General Booth says:—

I sorrowfully admit that it would be Utopian in our present social arrangements to dream of allowing for every honest Englishman a gaol standard of all the necessities of life. Some time perhaps we may venture to hope that every honest worker on English soil will always be as warmly clad, as healthily housed, and as regularly fed as our criminal convicts—but that is not yet. Neither is it possible to hope for many years to come that human beings generally will be as well cared for as horses.

What then is the standard towards which we may venture to aim with some prospect of realization in our time? It is a very humble one, but if realized it would solve the worst problem of modern society.

It is the standard of the London cab horse.

When in the streets of London a cab horse, weary or careless or stupid, trips and falls and lies stretched out in the midst of the traffic, there is no question of debating how he came to stumble before we try to get him on his legs again.

The Cab Horse Charter consists of two points; work is given him, and with work food and lodging; secondly, if he falls down he is picked up again. The Cab Horse Charter for the two-legged human worker is General Booth's formula. Work for all who are willing to work and a helping hand for all who are down, these are the General's ideals.

“GOD IN CURSING GIVES US BETTER GIFTS THAN MAN IN BENEDICTION.”

Speaking of the homeless out-of-works, General Booth says:—

There is a depth below that of the dweller in the slums. It is that of the dweller in the street, who has not even a lair in the slums which he can call his own. The houseless unemployed is in one respect at least like Him of whom it was said, “The birds of the air have nests, the beasts of the field have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.” These men are gradually, but surely, being sucked down into the quicksand of modern life. They stretch out their grimy hands to us in vain appeal, not for charity, but for work. Work, work! it is always work that they ask. The Divine curse is to them the most blessed of benedictions. “In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,” but alas for these forlorn sons of Adam, they fail to find the bread to eat, for society has no work for them to do.

They have not even leave to sweat. Before discussing how they can in the second Adam “all be made alive,” had we not better restore them to their share in the heritage of labour which is theirs by right of descent from the first Adam?

THE PHILANTHROPIC ANALOGY TO THE RAILWAY.

Can it be done? General Booth thinks it can—nay, he is sure of it. He says:—

I am under no delusion as to the possibility of inaugurating a millennium by any Scheme; but the triumphs of science deal so much with the utilization of waste material that I do not despair that something might be done in the utilization of this waste human product. If the alchemy of science can extract beautiful colours from coal tar, cannot Divine alchemy enable us to evolve gladness and brightness out of the agonized hearts and dark, dreary, loveless lives of these doomed myriads? Is it too much to hope that in God's world God's children may be able to do something if they set to work with a will to carry out a plan of campaign against these great evils which are the nightmare of our existence?

The remedy, it may be, is simpler than some imagine. The key to the enigma may lie closer to our hands without our knowing it. From the beginning of the world down to the beginning of this century mankind had not found out, with all its striving after cheap and easy transport, the miraculous difference that would be brought about by laying down two parallel lines of metal. All the great men and the wise men of the past lived and died oblivious of that fact. The greatest mechanics and engineers of antiquity, the men who bridged all the rivers of Europe, the architects who built the cathedrals which are still the wonder of the world, failed to discern what seems to us so obviously simple a proposition, that two parallel lines of rail would diminish the cost and difficulty of transport to a minimum. Without that discovery the steam engine, which has itself been an invention of quite recent years, would have failed to transform civilisation.

What we have to do in the philanthropic sphere is to find something analogous to the engineer's parallel bars. This discovery I think I have made, and hence have I written this book.

A SUGGESTED LAZARUS DAY.

I do not propose to follow the General through the various chapters in which he passes in review the various classes with which he has to deal. I merely quote one or two paragraphs as indicative of the spirit in which General Booth deals with this matter. Speaking of the unemployed, he says:—

Three years ago in London there were Church parades to the Abbey and St. Paul's, bivouacs in Trafalgar Square, etc. Lazarus showed his rags and his sores too conspicuously for the convenience of Dives, and was summarily dealt with in the name of Law and Order. But as we have Lord Mayors' Days, when all the well-fed fur-clad City Fathers go in state-coaches through the town, why should we not have a Lazarus-Day in which the starving out-of-works should crawl in all the windowed raggedness through the main thoroughfares, past the palaces and treasure-houses of London?

PEINE DURE ET FORTE.

Referring to the desperate condition of discharged prisoners, who are driven back to crime by the impossibility of finding any employment, he says:—

Who will give these men a helping hand? What is to be done with them? Would it not be more merciful to kill them off at once instead of sternly crushing them out of all semblance of honest manhood? Society recoils from such a short cut. Her virtuous scruples remind me of the subterfuge by which English law evaded the veto on torture. Torture was forbidden, but the custom of placing an obstinate witness under a press and slowly crushing him

within a hairbreadth of death was legalized and practised. So it is to-day. When the criminal comes out of gaol he whole world is often but a press whose punishment is sharp and cruel indeed. Nor can the victim escape even if he opens his mouth and speaks.

A SHORT WAY WITH DRUNKARDS.

Here is his suggestion of a similar kind about drunkards :—

If the drunkards are to be rescued there must be something more done for them than at present is attempted, unless, of course, we decide definitely to allow the iron laws of nature to work themselves out in the elimination of the unfit. In that case it might be more merciful to facilitate the slow workings of natural law. There is no need of establishing a lethal chamber for drunkards like that into which the lost dogs of London are driven, to die in peaceful sleep under the influence of carbonic oxide. The State would only need to go a little further than it goes at present in the way of supplying poison to the community. If, in addition to planting a flaming gin palace at each corner, free to all who enter, it were to supply free gin to all who have attained a certain recognised standard of inebriety, delirium tremens would soon reduce the dipsomaniac population to manageable proportions. I can imagine a cynical millionaire of the scientific philanthropic school making a clearance of all the drunkards in a district by the simple expedient of an unlimited allowance of proof spirit. But that for us is out of the question.

THE CASUAL WARD AND THE GAOL.

Speaking of remedies and palliatives, he says :—

The Secretary of the Charity Organization Society assured one of my officers, who went to inquire for his opinion on the subject, "that no further machinery was necessary. All that was needed in this direction they already had in working order, and that to create any further machinery would do more harm than good.

That is, of course, not General Booth's opinion. He is very dissatisfied with the existing machinery. Speaking of casual wards and the Poor Law administration, he says :—

There has never been any attempt to treat them as human beings, to deal with them as individuals, to appeal to their hearts, to help them on their legs again. They are simply units, no more thought of and cared for than if they were so many coffee beans passing through a coffee mill; and as the net result of all my experience and observation of men and things, I must assert unhesitatingly that anything which dehumanises the individual, anything which treats a man as if he were only a number of a series or a cog in a wheel without any regard to the character, the aspirations, the temptations, and the idiosyncracies of the man, must utterly fail as a remedial agency. The Casual Ward at the best is merely a squalid resting place for the Casual in his downward career. If anything is to be done for these men, it must be done by other agents than those which prevail in the administration of the Poor Laws.

The gaol still continues to be the chief remedy prescribed by Society for all desperate cases. General Booth says :—

But in social maladies we are still in the age of the blood-letter and the strait waistcoat. The gaol is the specific of despair. When all else fails Society will always undertake to feed, clothe, warm, and house a man, if only he will commit a crime. It will do it also in such a fashion as to render it no temporary help, but a permanent necessity. Society says to the individual, "To qualify for free board and lodging you must commit a crime. But if you do you must pay the price. You must allow me to ruin your character, and doom you for the rest of your life to destitution, modified by the occasional success of criminality."

General Booth deplores the demoralization occasioned by charity. He exposes the impossibility of carrying out at haphazard schemes of emigration. He declares that schooling has done nothing to solve this social problem. Trade unionism he commends, but asks how can an edifice be stable which is built, not upon rock, but upon the quagmire of unorganized and workless labour? Co-operation, he maintains, is good, but Co-operation, as little as Socialism or Individualism, will succeed in feeding the hungry Out-of-Work who stands before your door and asks for leave to labour in order that he may have a chance to live.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

Before describing his scheme General Booth defines the essentials which any scheme must possess to be successful. They are as follows :—

1. It must change the man if he fell by his own fault.
2. It must change his circumstances if they tripped him up or bore him down.
3. It must be as big as the evil with which it has to cope.
4. It must be permanent.
5. It must be immediately practicable.
6. It must not demoralize those whom it seeks to benefit.
7. It must not benefit one class by injuring another.

THE MOST ESSENTIAL.

Of these the most essential is the first. He declares :—

The problem is insoluble, I am absolutely convinced, unless it is possible to bring new moral life into the soul of these people. It is the first end of every social reformer whose work is built on the solid foundation of a new birth, "You must be born again."

To get a man soundly saved it is not enough to put on him a pair of new breeches, to give him regular work, or even to give him a university education. These things are all outside a man, and if the inside remains unchanged you have wasted your labour. You must in some way or other graft upon the man's nature a new nature, which has in it the element of the divine. All that I propose in this book is governed by that principle.

THE SCHEME AS A GREAT MACHINE.

Now we come to what he proposes. This is what he says of his scheme as a whole :—

The Scheme in its entirety may aptly be compared to a great Machine, foundationed in the lowest slums and purlieus of our great towns and cities, drawing up into its embrace the depraved and destitute of all classes; receiving thieves, harlots, paupers, drunkards, prodigals, all alike on the simple conditions of their being willing to work and to conform to discipline. Drawing up these poor outcasts, reforming them, and creating in them habits of industry, honesty, and truth; teaching them methods by which alike the bread that perishes and that which endures to Everlasting Life can be won. Forwarding them from the City to the Country, and there continuing the process of regeneration, and then pouring them forth on to the virgin soils that await their coming in other lands, keeping hold of them with a strong government, and yet making them free men and women; and so laying the foundations, perchance, of another empire to swell to vast proportions in later times. Why not?

WHAT IS THE SOCIAL QUESTION?

This is the way General Booth constitutes the problem which threatens civilization. He says :—

The social problem presents itself before us whenever a hungry, dirty, and ragged man stands at our door asking if we can give him a crust or a job. That is the social question. What have you to do with that man? He has no money in his purse, all that he can pawn he has pawned long ago, his stomach is as empty as his purse, and the whole of the

clothes upon his back, even if sold on the best terms, would not fetch a shilling. There he stands, your brother, with sixpennyworth of rags to cover his nakedness from his fellow men and not sixpennyworth of victuals within his reach. He asks for work, which he will set to, even on his empty stomach and in his ragged uniform, if so be that you will give him something for it, but his hands are idle for no one employs him. What are you to do with that man? That is the great note of interrogation that confronts Society to-day. Not only in overcrowded England, but in newer countries beyond the sea where Society has not yet provided a means by which the men can be put upon the land and the land be made to feed the men.

THE FIRST STEP TO ITS SOLUTION.

His first step is to take that hungry, workless wight and give him some food for his belly and a shelter for the night. This he proposes to do by the extension of his food and shelter depôts, some five of which have been in operation for the last two years in various parts of London. The result of their operations goes to prove that you can give a man a filling supper and substantial breakfast, and a bed in a well-warmed room, at a cost of little more than fourpence. At fourpence a head General Booth is willing to provide supper, breakfast, and bed for all the Cut-of-Works in the land. But what if your homeless, starving wanderer has not got fourpence? is he to be turned into the street hungry and shelterless, to sleep on the Embankment? By no means; with or without fourpence, General Booth proposes to take him into his shelter, but if he has no fourpence he must not go out therefrom until he has done fourpennyworth of work to pay for his bed and board.

WORK FOR THE WORKLESS—NOT CHARITY.

This work General Booth proposes to find for him in the first instance by the establishment of labour yards or factories in connection with the Shelters where the penniless unemployed will be engaged on such rough and simple industry as chopping wood for firewood, making mats, sewing sacks, etc. Their work will be duly measured, and when they have done their fourpennyworth they will be free to go and seek work elsewhere. As long as they will work for their rations and a bed for the night, General Booth proposes to find them employment, relying upon the reluctance of the workman to earn no more than his rations to prevent a glut of his labour yard with workmen who are now employed elsewhere.

General Booth stoutly insists upon the principle of exacting full measure of work from the workers. He would only keep them at it for eight hours a day, but for that eight hours they must work. He says:—

Here is no pretence of charity beyond the charity which gives a man remunerative labour. It is not our business to pay men wages. What we propose is to enable those, male or female, who are destitute, to earn their rations and do enough work to pay for their lodgings until they are able to go out into the world and earn wages for themselves. There is no compulsion upon anyone to resort to our shelter, but if a penniless man wants food he must, as a rule, do work sufficient to pay for what he has of food or other accommodation. I say as a rule, because, of course, our officers will be allowed to make exceptions in extreme cases, but the rule will be first work, then eat. And that amount of work will be exacted rigorously. It is that which distinguishes this scheme from mere charitable relief.

I do not wish to have any hand in establishing a new centre of demoralization. So much coffee, so much bread, so much shelter, so much warmth and light from me, but so much labour in return from him.

What labour? it is asked. For answer to this question I would like to take you down to my industrial workshop in Whitechapel. There you will see the Scheme in experimental operation.

LABOUR FACTORY AT WHITECHAPEL.

General Booth describes his factory as it has been seen by many of us in practical work. There are some 70 to 80 people employed there who have been gathered up out of the streets, and the experiment has been a very remarkable success. He says:—

It will be asked how do these out-of-works conduct themselves when you get them into the factory? Upon this point I have a very satisfactory report to render. Many, no doubt, are below par, under-fed, and suffering from ill health, or the consequence of their intemperance. Many also are old men, who have been crowded out of the labour market by the younger generation. But, without making too many allowances on these grounds, I may fairly say that these men have shown themselves not only anxious and willing, but able to work. Our factory superintendent reports:—

Of loss of time there has practically been none since the opening, June 29th. Each man during his stay, with hardly an exception, has presented himself punctually at opening time and worked more or less assiduously the whole of the labour hours. The morals of the men have been good; in not more than three instances has there been an overt act of disobedience, insubordination, or mischief. The men, as a whole, are uniformly civil, willing, and satisfied; they are all fairly industrious, some, and that not a few, are assiduous and energetic. The foremen have had no serious complaints to make or delinquencies to report.

NO MORE GOVERNMENT BY THE COUNTING OF NOSES.

Nothing is more remarkable in the book than the confidence which General Booth shows in the power of discipline to get the best work out of a man. There is something strange, perhaps even portentous, in this sudden apparition of a robust faith in government, and in what Carlyle used to call the "drill-sergeant." The Salvation Army is the latest birth of democracy, and here is its chief proclaiming the old Carlylean doctrines, not merely as if they were an ideal almost too unattainable to be hoped for, but as if they represented the inner faith of the most of the English people. He maintains that this scheme will succeed where others have failed, precisely because it is based upon the principle of subordination and discipline. He is most uncompromising in his repudiation of the Parliamentary principle:—

Broadly speaking, your experimental communities fail because your Utopias all start upon the system of equality and government by vote of the majority, and, as a necessary and unavoidable consequence, your Utopians get to loggerheads, and Utopia goes to smash. I shall avoid that rock. All the departments of the scheme will be governed, not on the principle of counting noses, but on the exactly opposite principle of admitting no noses into the concern that would not be guided by the directing brain. It will be managed on principles which assert that the fittest ought to rule, and it will provide for the fittest being selected, and having got them at the top, will insist on universal and unquestioning obedience from those at the bottom. If anyone does not like to work for his rations and submit to the orders of his superior officers, he can leave. There is no compulsion on him to stay. The world is wide, and outside the confines of our Colony and the operations of our Corps my authority does not extend. But judging from our brief experience, it is not from revolt against authority that the Scheme is destined to fail.

There cannot be a greater mistake in this world than to imagine that men object to be governed. They like to be governed, provided that the governor has his "head screwed

on right," and that he is prompt to hear and ready to see and recognize all that is vital to the interests of the commonwealth. So far from there being an innate objection on the part of mankind to be governed, the instinct to obey is so universal that even when Governments have gone blind, and deaf, and paralytic, rotten with corruption and hopelessly behind the times, they still contrive to live on. Against a capable Government no people ever rebel, only when stupidity and incapacity have taken possession of the seat of power do insurrections break out.

A LABOUR BUREAU.

In connection with each labour yard he would establish a labour register for the registration of the unorganized labour of the town. At present casual unemployed labourers are without unions and any means of self-defence; the result is that they are sweated by the middleman—the sandwich-men, for instance, receiving only 50 per cent. of the money paid by their employer whose goods they advertise, the rest going to the middleman. When the system is in good working order the surplus of labour in one locality will be drafted off to one where labour is scarce, and prompt information will be sent from the country as to the state of the labour market in various localities.

This scheme has been practically tested on a small scale in connection with the Whitechapel Shelter. The Labour Bureau has been in full swing for many months, and has found situations for many unemployed. Steps have also been taken to pave the way for the organization of the sandwich-men, and the result so far has been fairly satisfactory. What General Booth proposes is simply to generalize and multiply a hundredfold the kind of work that is already being done by the Social Wing under the direction of Commissioner Smith. General Booth says:—

When my Scheme is carried out, there will be in every populous centre a Captain of Industry, an officer specially charged with the regimentation of unorganized labour, who would be continually on the alert, thinking how best to utilize the waste human material in his district. It is contrary to all previous experience to suppose that the addition of so much trained intelligence will not operate beneficially in securing the disposal of a commodity which is at present a drug in the market.

THE KEY TO THE SCHEME.

It will be noticed, says General Booth—

That most of the suggestions which I have put forth in this book are based upon the central principle, which is that of restoring to the overgrown, and therefore uninformed, masses of population in our towns the same intelligence and co-operation as to the mutual wants of each and all that prevails in your small town or village. The latter is the manageable unit, because its dimensions and its needs have not outgrown the range of the individual intelligence and ability of those who dwell therein. Our troubles in large towns arise chiefly from the fact that the massing of population has caused the physical bulk of Society to outgrow its intelligence. It is as if a human being had suddenly developed fresh limbs which were not connected by any nervous system with the gray matter of his brain. What we have to do, therefore, is to grow a new nervous system for the body politic, to create a swift, almost automatic, means of communication between the community as a whole and the meanest of its members, so as to restore to the city what the village possesses.

A HOUSEHOLD SALVAGE CORPS.

This he proposes to do by the creation of what he calls a Household Salvage Corps. He proposes to organize out of the unemployed what he calls the Household Salvage Corps, or the Waste Not, Want Not Brigade, the members of which, in uniform, numbered

and under strict discipline, would undertake the collection from house to house of broken victuals, old clothes, old newspapers, and such like exuviae of the household. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the operations which such a brigade would have to undertake from the fact that it would cost at least £25,000 to supply every house in London with the necessary pails, kit for the broken victuals, and the sack for the old newspapers and other rubbish which the Salvage Corps would undertake to collect once a week, or oftener if need be. It is obvious the creation of a body of 2,000 men, who would undertake the regular patrol of every street in London, would give the General an agency by which he might do much, both in publicity and in the collection and distribution of various kinds of articles. It is not likely, however, that he will attempt any such scheme in all its entirety at first. He will select the most likely place for a good response to his appeal, and he will gradually develop the system as opportunity offers and occasion serves. The collection of the cream of the refuse of a great town will in itself afford the Salvation Army a revenue by which they will be able to provide for many of the indispensable developments of their new Social Scheme. But apart from the revenue, it is still more important as providing them with material with which to employ still greater numbers of unemployed. From the waste food and waste clothes of the working population General Booth maintains that he will be able to feed and clothe and house all the workers. It can be done if the workers are willing to work, and "for discipline I can answer."

THE UBIQUITOUS SERVANT OF ALL.

The Household Salvage Brigade will constitute an agency capable of being utilised to any extent for the distribution of parcels, newspapers, &c. When once you have your reliable man who will call at every house with the regularity of a postman, and go his beat with the punctuality of a policeman, you can do great things with him. I do not need to elaborate this point. It will be a universal Corps of Commissioners, created for the service of the public and in the interests of the poor, which will bring us into direct relations with every family in London, and will therefore constitute an unequalled medium for the distribution of advertisements and the collection of information.

It does not require a very fertile imagination to see that when such a house-to-house visitation is regularly established, it will develop in all directions; and working, as it would, in connection with our Anti-sweating Shops and Industrial Colony, would probably soon become the medium for negotiating sundry household repairs, from a broken window to a damaged stocking. If a porter were wanted to move furniture, or a woman wanted to do charring, or someone to clean windows, or any other odd job, the ubiquitous Servant of All who called for the waste, either verbally or by post-card, would receive the order, and whoever was wanted would appear at the time desired without any further trouble on the part of the householder.

WASTE LABOUR TO WASTE LAND.

The Refuge, the Shelter, the Labour Factory, the Household Salvage Brigade, and the Labour Bureau constitute what General Booth calls the City Colony. Even when they are all set agoing, however useful they may be, they are only palliatives. It is necessary to provide a way out, and that way out is only possible in one direction, namely, by planting the people upon the land. Waste Labour to Waste Land is General Booth's watchword. Not that he is under any delusion as to the infinite possibilities some enthusiasts see in Salisbury Plain and the slopes of Snowdon. General Booth proposes to take land—the best land he can get—within convenient access of

the greatest markets of the world. In the case of London he would take an estate of some thousand acres in Kent or Essex, if possible in close contiguity to the estuary of the Thames and within easy access by rail to the heart of the City. Here he would establish his second stage of remedial operations, which he calls the Farm Colony. He would treat the estate as a training ground for emigrants as well as a great market garden for the supply of the rations with which he undertakes to provide the Out-of-Works of the City.

THE UTILIZATION OF RAILWAY EMBANKMENTS.

The land is the source of all food (says General Booth), only by the application of labour can the land be made fully productive. There is any amount of waste land in the world, not far away in distant Continents, next door to the North Pole, but here at our very doors. Have you ever calculated, for instance, the square miles of unused land which fringe the sides of all our railroads? No doubt some embankments are of material that would baffle the cultivating skill of a Chinese or the careful husbandry of a Swiss mountaineer; but these are exceptions. When other people talk of reclaiming Salisbury Plain, or of cultivating the bare moorlands of the bleak North, I think of the hundreds of square miles of land that lie in long ribbons on the sides of each of our railways, upon which, without any cost for haulage, innumerable tons of city manure could be shot down, and the crops of which could be carried at once to the nearest market without any but the initial cost of heaping into convenient trucks. These railway embankments constitute a vast estate, capable of growing fruit enough to supply all the jam that Crosse and Blackwell ever boiled.

LAND AT HOME AND AT THE ANTIPODES.

Is it reasonable to think that you can only begin to make a living out of land when it lies several thousand miles from the nearest market, and thousands of miles from the place where the labourer has to buy his tools and procure all the necessaries of life which are not grown on the spot? If a man can make squatting pay on the prairies or in Australia, where every quarter of grain which he produces has to be dragged by locomotives across the railways of the continent, and then carried by steamers across the wide ocean, can he not equally make the operation at least sufficiently profitable to keep himself alive if you plant him with the same soil within an hour by rail of the greatest markets in the world?

Suppose, for instance, that Essex were suddenly to find itself unmoored from its English anchorage and towed across the Channel to Normandy, or, not to imagine miracles, suppose that an Armada of Chinese were to make a descent on the Isle of Thanet, as did the sea-kings, Hengist and Horsa, does anyone imagine for a moment that Kent, fertile and cultivated as it is, would not be regarded as a very Garden of Eden, out of the odd corners of which our yellow-skinned invaders would contrive to extract sufficient to keep themselves in sturdy health?

THE FARM COLONY.

After a period of probation in the Salvation Factory or Labour Yard, a limited number of picked workers would be sent down to the estate to settle on it as men settle on a newly-allotted farm in the Far West. They would be under complete direction, but they would be expected to do almost everything for themselves. They would have to put up their own shanties, and afterwards make their own bricks to make their own houses. They would be supplied with spades and seeds and roots with which to grow their own vegetables. No public-house would be allowed upon the estate, and the same rule would be enforced as is established in the Salvation Factory and Labour Yard: the men would work for their lodgings and rations, and nothing else.

The colonists will be divided into two classes: 1st, the class which receives no wages, and which will consist of:—(a) The

new arrivals, whose ability, character, and habits are as yet unknown. (b) The less capable in strength, mental calibre, or other capacity. (c) The indolent, and those whose conduct and character appeared doubtful. These would remain in this class until sufficiently improved for advancement, or are pronounced so hopeless as to justify expulsion.

The 2nd class would have a small extra allowance, a part of which would be given to the workers for private use, and a part reserved for future contingencies, the payment of travelling expenses, etc.

3rd. From this class we should obtain our petty officers, send out hired labourers, emigrants, etc., etc.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AND RATIONAL RECREATION.

The same rule as to an all-present Salvationism would prevail in the country as in the town. While the colonists would be trained in all the handicrafts necessary to agriculturists, and taught to study the times and seasons to hoe and dig and plough, they would be looked after with a still more vigilant eye with the hope of getting them soundly saved. But, although the Farm Colony is to be religious, there is to be intolerance. No one is to be compelled to attend Salvation Army meetings unless he chooses, but General Booth relies upon the natural advantages the Army would possess to procure the attendance of its colonists. No work would be allowed on Sundays on the estate, no public-house would exist within its frontiers.

In the rules and regulations of his colony, General Booth makes a great and notable departure in the direction of rational recreation.

There will be no objection to the establishment of cricket grounds, where the Colonists can have active field sports, where they can play at cricket or at football, practise athletics, have a bicycle track, play at quoits and bowls, or any other outdoor game which amuses them or conduces to the maintenance of their health. These things are not for the Salvation Army Soldiers, who have other work in the world and are beyond such amusements, but for those who are not in the Army these recreations will be recognized as quite legitimate. There will be provided for the Colony a reading room and a library, with a recreation hall in which they can amuse themselves as they please. Gambling in any shape or form will not be allowed, but will be repressed like stealing.

The chapters relating to the organization of the Farm Colony are full of interesting detail into which I cannot enter here. General Booth contemplates all kind of experiments, agricultural and industrial. He will, for instance, attempt to renew the experiment with which Mr. Craig obtained so brief although brilliant a success at Ralahine. He will also establish creameries and give allotments to those who wish to start business on their own account. He is full of the idea that what the French call *petite culture* might be made very profitable even under English skies, if it were taken in hand the right way. He contemplates poultry-farming, bee-culture, rabbit-breeding, and all manner of fruit-farming. He insists throughout on the enormous advantage which would arise from the extent of the operations of the Army. At their Food Depôts and Labour Yards they would be able to consume almost all the food which the Farm Colonists would be able to produce.

HOW TO UTILIZE THE WASTE OF LONDON.

But the training of colonists in agriculture, the raising of vegetables, fruit, and other cereals, to supply the demands of the food depôts, these explain only one-half of the necessity of the Farm Colony. The operations of the Household Salvage Brigade will necessitate the acquisition of land on which the mountainous and multitudinous stores of City refuse may be sorted and

utilized. The salvage of the households of London will be conveyed in barges drifting downwards with the tide to the wharves of the Farm Colony, there to be utilized in a thousand different ways. General Booth's imagination luxuriates at the endless openings for employment which will be created by the disposal of the cream of the refuse of London. To begin with, there are the broken victuals, endless store of old crusts, which will be capable of being served up when steamed and dressed as human food. Other crusts will serve to diet the horses, of which he will have sufficient for a cavalry regiment when the Brigade is in full working order. What the horses will not eat will be passed on to the innumerable clutches of poultry with which the estate will be studded, and what the poultry will not eat will come to the pig as the residuary legatee. The Army piggery will be the largest in the land. Round the piggery will spring up an industrial community to feed, to kill, to cure, and to work up the invaluable porker. Bacon factories, brush works, saddlery of all kinds, will have to be created and run by the Army. Old clothes form another material from which will spring many industries. The deft fingers of the women will be employed in patching and repairing. A colony of cobblers, technically known as translators, will be formed for the purpose of renovating the damaged shoe-leather of the citizens. Cheap second-hand clothing establishments will be created in order to provide the colonists who are working for lodgings and rations with the uniform proper to their colony. The old bones of London will lead to the establishment of button works and manure works. The grease, fat, and kitchen stuff will afford the material for a soap works. The waste paper of London and the otherwise unusable rags will enable the Army to manufacture all its own paper, and at present it uses thirty tons a week. And so forth, and so forth.

THE COLONY OVER SEA.

We now come to the third and final stage of the remedial scheme, the establishment of a colony in the new Britain over the sea. General Booth condemns emigration as usually conducted, and insists that if emigration is to succeed the land must be prepared for the people, and the people prepared for the land. He says:—

You might as well lay a new-born child naked in the middle of a new sown field in March, and expect it to live and thrive, as expect emigration on the lines many people conduct it to produce successful results. Immigration, no doubt, is the making of a colony, just as bread is the staff of life. But if you were to cram a stomach with wheat by a force-pump you would bring on such a fit of indigestion that unless your victim threw up the indigestible mass of unground, uncooked, unmasticated grain he would never want another meal. So it is with the new colonies and the surplus labour of other countries.

His idea is to take estates in the colonies, by preference in South Africa, and have them laid out and made ready for the advent of the colonists. He would fill a sailing ship with a colony of men and women who had passed the probation of the Farm Colony and had proved themselves to be capable and willing workers.

SAILING AWAY IN THE SALVATION SHIP.

When emigrants leave this country there is great misery and lamentation, owing to the parting of families and the leaving of friends. But (says General Booth) when our party sets out, there will be no violent wrenching of home ties. In our ship we shall export them all—father, mother, and children. The individuals will be grouped in families, and

the families will, on the Farm Colony, have been for some months past more or less near neighbours, meeting each other in the field, in the workshops, and in the Religious Services. It will resemble nothing so much as the unmooring of a little piece of England, and towing it across the sea to find a safe anchorage in a sunnier clime.

This Salvation ship would call at ports on the routes and hold parades and great assemblies for the furtherance of the good cause. The voyage would be utilized for winnowing out the chaff from the wheat, and for subjecting all the colonists to the finishing touch of their probation.

Not only would the ship be a perfect hive of industry, but a floating temple. The captain, officers, and every member of the crew would be Salvationists, and all, therefore, alike interested in the enterprise. The effect produced by our ship cruising slowly southwards, testifying to the reality of a Salvation for both worlds, calling at all convenient ports, would constitute a kind of mission work, and call forth wherever she called a large amount of practical sympathy. Here would be one ship at least whose appearance foretold no disorder, gave rise to no debauchery, and from whose capacious hull would stream forth an army of men, who, instead of thronging the grog-shops and other haunts of licentious indulgence, would occupy themselves with explaining and proclaiming the religion of the Love of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

SETTLING THE COLONISTS IN A NEW COUNTRY.

When they arrived at the Colony they would at once be taken in charge and conducted to their new homes, and established in their new surroundings in such conditions as are calculated to keep them straight and enable them to make a new start in a new land. The colonists would be debited with the cost of their transport and the capital value expended in providing them with a house, stock, land, and food for a few months. They would repay this by an annual charge or land tax, and by this means the General hopes to see the scheme made self-supporting. After the first initial expenditure he thinks the money might be employed over and over again without any material shrinkage of the capital.

There will be no attempt to enforce upon the Colonists the rules and regulations to which Salvation Soldiers are subjected. Those who are soundly saved, and who of their own free will desire to become Salvationists will, of course, be subjected to the rules of the Service. But Colonists who are willing to work and obey the orders of the Commanding Officer will only be subject to the foregoing rules and regulations; in all other things they will be left free.

The General proposes to open an Emigration Bureau in London for acquiring and distributing special information to emigrants, arranging special terms for passage and for making inquiries and securing information. This, then, constitutes what may be called the body of General Booth's scheme. The threefold plan by which he proposes to solve the question of the unemployed. Whatever may be alleged against it it must at least be recognized as a thoroughly practical proposal, the only one which has even been suggested of late years coping with the difficulty before which civilization has hitherto folded its hands in despair.

WHY SHOULD THE STATE NOT DO ALL THIS?

Here, at least, are all the elements necessary for solving the question, there are the workless workers, and there is the waste land or only half tilled land. Between the two stand a host of willing and energetic men and women trained to obedience, and to command who are fired by a sincere enthusiasm for humanity, and are giving daily proof of the sincerity of their belief by self-

denying and ill requited effort. Some no doubt will be disposed to admit the advisability of carrying out the scheme, but will say that it should be taken in hand by the State. The answer to that objection is that the State cannot deal with individuals as the Army does. The secret of the success with which the Army has managed its Food and Shelter Depôts is due to the element of personal pleading with individuals which could not be expected from State officials. There is no doubt as to the reality of the success which they have already achieved. General Booth says :—

We have never any disturbances of any kind in the Shelters. We have provided accommodation now for several thousand of the most helplessly broken-down men in London, criminals many of them, mendicants, tramps, those who are among the filth and offscouring of all things; but such is the influence that is established by the meeting and the moral ascendancy of our officers themselves, that we have never had a fight on the premises, and very seldom do we ever hear an oath or an obscene word. Sometimes there has been trouble outside the Shelter, when men insisted upon coming in drunk or were otherwise violent; but once let them come to the Shelter, and get into the swing of the concern, and we have no trouble with them.

The thing to be noted in all these cases is that it was not the mere feeding which effected the result; it was the combination of the feeding with the personal labour for the individual soul. Still, if we had not fed them, we should never have come near enough to gain any hold upon their hearts. If we had merely fed them, they would have gone away next day to resume, with increased energy, the predatory and vagrant life which they had been leading. But when our feeding and shelter depôts brought them to close quarters, our officers were literally able to put their arms round their necks and plead with them as brethren who had gone astray. We told them that their sins and sorrows had not shut them out from the love of the Everlasting Father, who had sent us to them to help them with all the power of our strong organization, of the Divine authority of which we never feel so sure as when it is going forth to seek and to save the lost.

This is not work which the State could perform.

HOW TO "COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."

We now come to the more actively aggressive work which General Booth proposes to accomplish. It is no use preparing your City Colony or Farm Colony or Oversea Colony, if those whom you wish to help are like Emin in the heart of Africa when Stanley arrived from the coast. They may be either too irresolute to avail themselves of the way to escape opened up to them, or they may be captives of evil habits as to render the three-fold way of salvation of no use. It is therefore necessary, says General Booth, to organize rescue expeditions to burst through all obstacles, and to compel the prisoners of vice and crime to make use of the means provided for their rescue.

THE SISTERHOOD OF THE SLUMS.

General Booth sets forth these rescue expeditions under various heads, giving the first place to the Sisterhood of the Slums.

Alas, it is not only in London that such lairs exist in which the savages of civilization lurk and breed. All the great towns in both the Old World and the New have their slums, in which huddle together, in festering and verminous filth, men, women, and children. They correspond to the lepers who thronged the lazar houses of the Middle Ages. As in those days St. Francis of Assisi and the heroic band of saints who gathered under his orders were wont to go and lodge with the lepers at the city gates, so the devoted souls

who have enlisted in the Salvation Army take up their quarters in the heart of the worst slums. But whereas the Friars were men, our slum brigade is composed of women. I have a hundred of them under my orders— young women for the most part, quartered all of them in outposts in the heart of the devil's country. Most of them are the children of the poor who have known hardship from their youth up. Some are ladies born and bred, who have not been afraid to exchange the comfort of a West End drawing-room for service among the vilest of the vile, and a residence in small and fetid rooms whose walls were infested with vermin. They live the life of the Crucified for the sake of the men and women for whom He lived and died.

General Booth quotes two narratives of the work which they are doing by journalists in the old world and the new—the account of Slum work in the dens of New York being exceedingly well written. General Booth says :—

In connection with our Scheme, we propose to immediately increase the number of these Slum Sisters, and to add to their usefulness by directly connecting their operations with the Colony, enabling them thereby to help the poor people to conditions of life more favourable to health, morals, and religion. This would be accomplished by getting some of them employment in the City, which must necessarily result in better homes and surroundings, or in the opening up for others of a straight course from the Slums to the Farm Colony.

There is also to be a peripatetic hospital, in which the Slum Sisters have to find simple medicines, bandages, ointments, and other necessary materials for elementary practice among the poor whom they serve.

HOMES FOR DISCHARGED PRISONERS.

After the Slums, General Booth will take in hand the welfare of the discharged prisoners. He says :—

The Salvation Army has at least one great qualification for dealing with this question. I believe I am in the proud position of being at the head of the only religious body which has always some of its members in gaol for conscience sake. We are also one of the few religious bodies which can boast that many of those who are in our ranks have gone through terms of penal servitude. We, therefore, know the prison at both ends.

From the knowledge of the need thus obtained :—

1. We propose the opening of homes for this class as near as possible to the different gaols. One for men has just been taken at King's Cross, and will be occupied as soon as it can be got ready. One for women must follow immediately. Others will be required in different parts of the metropolis, and contiguous to each of its great prisons. Connected with these homes will be workshops in which the inmates will be regularly employed until such time as we can get them work elsewhere.

2. In order to save, as far as possible, first offenders from the contamination of prison life, and to prevent the formation of further evil companionships, and the recklessness which follows the loss of character entailed by imprisonment, we should offer, in the Police and Criminal Courts, to take such offenders under our wing as were anxious to come and willing to accept our regulations.

INEBRIATE ASYLUMS.

Then comes the drunkards from whom General Booth proposes to establish Homes.

1. To begin with there will be City Homes, into which a man can be taken, watched over, kept out of the way of temptation, and if possible delivered from the power of this dreadful habit.

In some cases persons would be taken in who are engaged in business in the City in the day, being accompanied by an attendant to and from the Home. In this case, of course, adequate remuneration for this extra care would be required.

2. Country Homes, which we shall conduct on the Dalmple principle; that is, taking persons for compulsory confinement, they binding themselves by a bond confirmed by a magistrate that they would remain for a certain period.

The general regulations for both establishments would be something as follows: (1) There would be only one class in each establishment. If it was found that the rich and the poor did not work comfortably together, separate institutions must be provided. (2) All would alike have to engage in some remunerative form of employment. Outdoor work would be preferred, but indoor employment would be arranged for those for whom it was most suitable, and in such weather and at such times of the year when garden work was impracticable. (3) A charge of 10s. per week would be made. This could be remitted when there was no ability to pay it.

RESCUE HOMES FOR WOMEN.

General Booth's proposals for dealing with the unfortunates when they leave their evil lives is thus described:

We propose to remodel and greatly increase the number of our Homes both in London and the provinces, establishing one in every great centre of this infamous traffic. To make them very largely Receiving Houses, where the girls will be initiated into the system of reformation, tested as to the reality of their desires for deliverance, and started forward on the highway of truth, virtue, and religion. From these Homes large numbers, as at present, would be restored to their friends and relatives, while some would be detained in training for domestic service, and others passed on to the Farm Colony. On the Farm they would be engaged in various occupations. In the Factory at Bookbinding and Weaving; in the Garden and Glass-houses amongst fruit and flowers; in the Dairy making butter; in all cases going through a course of housework which will fit them for domestic service. At every stage the same process of moral and religious training, on which we specially rely, will be carried forward. There would probably be a considerable amount of inter-marriage amongst the Colonists, and in this way a number of these girls would be absorbed into Society. A large number would be sent abroad as domestic servants.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Children remain to be dealt with. General Booth says:—

To begin with, Children's Crèches or Children's Day Homes would be established in the centres of every poor population, where, for a small charge, babies and young children can be taken care of in the day while the mothers are at work, instead of being left to the dangers of the streets, or the almost greater danger of being burnt to death in their own miserable homes.

On the Farm Colony we should be able to deal with the infants from the Unions and other quarters. Our Cottage mothers, with two or three children of their own, would readily take in an extra one on the usual terms of boarding out children. Here would be a Baby Farm carried on in the most favourable surroundings.

Boys and girls of riper years could be taken in, but they must work as half-timers. By some sort of employment in the factories, or fields, or gardens, they will be made to earn very nearly what under such circumstances they would cost. With respect to those who are older still, night schools would put them in possession of all the erudition they would require for the station they would be likely to fill in life.

He also proposes to establish an Industrial School on the Farm Colony in which he would combine technical with elementary education from the earliest years, and carry out those principles of education in which he firmly believes.

ASYLUMS FOR INCURABLE MORAL LUNATICS.

Finally there remains the residuum of the incorrigibly

reprobate. That such persons exist General Booth admits, and this is how he would deal with them:—

There are some cases within our knowledge which seem to confirm the somewhat dreadful verdict by which a man appears to be a lost soul on this side of the grave. There are men so incorrigibly lazy that no inducement that you can offer will tempt them to do a stroke of work; so eaten up by vice that virtue is abhorrent to them, and so inveterately dishonest that theft is to them a master passion. When a human being has reached that stage, there is only one course that can be rationally pursued. Sorrowfully but remorselessly it must be recognised that he has become lunatic, morally demented, incapable of self-government, and that upon him, therefore, must be passed the sentence of permanent seclusion from a world in which he is not fit to be at large. The ultimate destiny of these poor wretches should be a penal settlement where they could be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure, as are the criminal lunatics at Broadmoor. It is a crime against the race to allow those who are so inveterately depraved the freedom to wander abroad, infect their fellows, prey upon Society, and to multiply their kind. Whatever else Society may do, and suffer to be done, that one thing it ought not to allow, any more than it should allow the free perambulation of a mad dog.

General Booth does not lack iron in his blood, and there is no mawkish sentimentalism about his scheme. He admits that at present it is impossible to regard vagrancy and mendicancy as a very great offence—

But with the opportunity and ability for work I would count solicitation of charity a crime, and punish it as such. Anyway, if a man would not work of his own free will I would compel him.

FOR THE HELP OF THOSE WHO ARE NOT FALLEN.

This may be said to complete General Booth's scheme for dealing with the classes to which his project was originally limited. But it is impossible, however rigidly the scheme may be limited, to prevent its promoter from casting a look beyond its frontiers which he has himself defined, and General Booth is no exception to the rule, so he devotes one chapter, and that one of the most interesting, to various suggestions for helping the poor who still keep their feet and cannot therefore be regarded as belonging to the submerged tenth. There is a whole social programme in this chapter which enterprising politicians might do worse than appropriate as their own. I have already described at such length the main features of his scheme that I cannot do more than glance at his suggestions. General Booth would establish improved lodging-houses, and would create a Poor Man's Métropole and facilitate the establishment of homes for the industrial poor. He suggests the formation of a co-operative suburban village of one thousand or two thousand houses, with special railway facilities, such as a sixpenny weekly ticket for all householders dwelling in this village, which he would locate within twelve miles of London, where he thinks a four-roomed cottage and a garden could be built and let profitably at three shillings a week.

WHITECHAPEL-BY-THE-SEA.

He would establish a Poor Man's Brighton, or Whitechapel-by-the-Sea. He thinks that a railway company could carry passengers 70 miles there and 70 miles back for sixpence each way, and make a profit on the transaction. His calculation is based on the following figures:—

I am told that the cost of haulage for an ordinary passenger train, carrying from five hundred to a thousand persons, is 2s. 7d. per mile; a railway company could take six hundred passengers seventy miles there, and bring them seventy miles back, at a cost of £18 1s. 8d. Six hundred

passengers at a shilling is £30; so far there would be a clear profit to the company of £12 on the haulage, together with the payment of interest on capital, wear and tear of line, &c. But I reckon, at a very moderate computation, that two hundred thousand persons would travel to and fro every season. An addition of £10,000 to the exchequer of a railway company is not to be despised.

The General has various other suggestions to make, among others he hints tentatively at the establishment of a registry office for the promotion of matrimony, the establishment of a Poor Man's Bank on philanthropic business principles, and the creation of an Advice Bureau which will become the Poor Man's Tribune and the Poor Man's Lawyer. He will also extend and develop the operations which the Salvation Army is already engaged in, to an extent which will astonish many people, in finding lost people and tracing missing friends and relatives.

A POOR MAN'S BANK.

It is evident that it would want little persuasion for General Booth to start as Pawnbroker. He says:—

Some day I hope the State may be sufficiently enlightened to take up this business itself; at present it is left in the hands of the pawnbroker and the loan agency, and a set of sharks who cruelly prey upon the interests of the poor. The establishment of land banks, where the poor man is almost always a peasant, has been one of the features of modern legislation in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere. The institution of a Poor Man's Bank will be, I hope, before long, one of the recognised objects of our own government. Pending that I venture to throw out a suggestion, without in any way pledging myself to add this branch of activity to the already gigantic range of operations foreshadowed in this book—Would it not be possible for some philanthropists with capital to establish on clearly-defined principles a Poor Man's Bank for the making of small loans on good security, or making advances to those who are in danger of being overwhelmed by sudden financial pressure—in fact for doing for the “little man” what all the banks do for the “big man?” Meanwhile should it enter into the heart of some benevolently disposed possessor of wealth to give the price of a racehorse, or of an “old master,” to form the nucleus of the necessary capital, I will certainly experiment in this direction.

THE MISSING VILLAGE ELEMENT IN LIFE.

In explaining his Scheme he once more harks back to the idea of restoring to our overcrowded population the simple human advantages and relationships enjoyed by the small village. He says:—

In the large city all this kindly helpfulness disappears, and with it go all those small acts of service which are, as it were, the buffers which save men from being crushed to death against the iron walls of circumstances. We must try to replace them in some way or other if we are to get back, not to the Garden of Eden, but to the ordinary conditions of life, as they exist in a healthy small community. No institution, it is true, can ever replace the magic bond of personal friendship; but if we have the whole mass of Society permeated in every direction by brotherly associations established for the purpose of mutual help and sympathizing counsel, it is not an impossible thing to believe that we shall be able to do something to restore the missing element in modern civilization.

OUR FATHER.”

Now, we want to make the Salvation Army the nucleus of a great agency for bringing comfort and counsel to those who are at their wit's end, feeling as if in the whole world there was no one to whom

they could go. What we want to do is to exemplify to the world the family idea. “Our Father” is the keynote. One is Our Father, then we are all brethren. But in a family, if anyone is troubled in mind or conscience there is no difficulty. Of course we can do this but imperfectly. Only God can create a mother. But Society needs a great deal of smothering—much more than it gets. I propose to attempt to meet this want. I shall establish a department, over which I shall place the wisest, the pitifullest, and the most sagacious men and women whom I can find on my staff, to whom all those in trouble and perplexity shall be invited to address themselves. It is no use saying that we love our fellow men unless we try to help them, and it is no use pretending to sympathize with the heavy burdens which darken their lives unless we try to ease them and to lighten their existence.

AN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

If General Booth is going to be the Poor Man's Lawyer, the Poor Man's Father Confessor, the Poor Man's Banker and universal friend and adviser, it is evident he will require to have all the wisdom of the world at his fingers' ends. He therefore proposes to establish an Intelligence Department. He says:—

I want to establish a system which will enable me to use, not only the eyes and hands of Salvation Officers, but of sympathetic friends in all parts of the world, for purposes of noticing and reporting at once every social experiment of importance, any words of wisdom on the social question, whether it may be the breeding of rabbits, the organization of an emigration service, the best method of conducting an inebriate asylum, or the best way of cooking potatoes. There is nothing in the whole range of our operations upon which we should not be accumulating and recording the results of human experience. What I want is to get the essence of wisdom which the wisest have gathered from the widest experience, rendered instantly available for the humblest worker in the Salvation Factory or Farm Colony, and for any other toiler in the same direction.

Such is the scheme which General Booth has unfolded to the world, such is the way out of Darkest England, out of which the submerged tenth has to be rescued.

HOW MUCH WILL IT COST?

The concluding part of the book deals with the credentials of the Salvation Army for undertaking this work; it sets forth the advantages of the scheme, combats objections which may be urged against it, recapitulates its main features, and then, after a calculation as to the expenditure which it will entail, we come to the practical conclusion, in which he makes an appeal for funds and volunteers to carry out the scheme. He calculates it will require £100,000 down, and an assured income of £30,000 a year, which is equivalent to interest on £900,000, so that, practically, to start the scheme and keep it going it would require a million sterling. A million sterling is no doubt a large sum, but it is a mere bagatelle when compared with the immensity of the evils with which it proposes to deal. There is not a third-rate war for the rescue of an Englishman in Africa or in Asia which does not cost ten times that amount: the Abyssinian War cost fifteen millions, the Afghan twenty-one. It is ridiculous to think that if we were to take seriously to heart the condition of those lost classes that any difficulty would have needed to be as much as mooted. There is no one in this country but General Booth who would dare to propose to do what he suggests for ten times the sum he names as the indispensable minimum of revenue.

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